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VIRGINIA DARE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY A STROLLING PLAYER.

Tall, slender and erect was she,
As graceful, lithe as serpents be,
And full of wondrous witchery.
This queenly blonde with golden hair.
Her lips they formed a cupid's bow
To guard their sweets and guard the row
Of rarest pearls that shone below—
Such was the proud Virginia Dare.

Her dainty feet, so light were they
That if a rose beneath them lay
They would not crush it, nor away
Would they o'en brush a drop of dew;
And in her witching hazel eyes,
As soft and sweet as summer skies,
Was mirrored all of paradise,
And angels in their sunshine flew.

What wonder that the Indian wild
Was of his heart at once beguiled,
As she with love upon him smiled
And thought himself in heaven above;
Or that the maiden all forlorn,
With friends and home and kindred gone,
In all the bloom of youth's fair morn,
Knelt at the magic shrine of love.

As in each other's eyes they dwelt,
What wonder that their hearts both felt
The flame that souls in bliss doth melt?
What wonder? They were fair and young.
And as youth and beauty love doth seek
As blushes mount the lovely cheek,
It was not strange, unwise or weak,
That they as one together clung.

'Twas but another Ferdinand
And sweet Miranda hand in hand,
Roaming the bright and golden strand
Of the fair "Island of the Blest;"
Love cast them there in fond embrace,
And with its finger did erase
The foolish prejudice of race—
Raised them to its celestial breast.

TOM BLIGHT THE GROOM;

OR,

THE MYSTERY OF DOSMERRY POOL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TEMPTED SISTERS," &C.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Breathless she stands, with eyes cast down.
Shrinking beneath the fiery frown." MOORE.

Jonathan Trout returned to London, by what means was best known to himself, and arrived at his old haunts about Burridge's Rents, very footsore and dilapidated. The Blaster was, as we have said, in hiding, but his amiable wife, released from her incarceration, was home again, and the Rook was to the fore. For the past week or two the ghost, which had caused all these worthies so much discomfiture and rendered little Rosebud's room uninhabitable, had taken itself away, and Mrs. Barton was left to the undisturbed possession of her dirty dwelling. Thither the Tadpole repaired and demanded shelter, summoning the Rook to a consultation upon their next escapade.

"You've not done much by your trip," that worthy said, contemptuously, remarking the seedy and shattered appearance of his ally; "I thought you was going to make your fortune and ours too, by that there journey."

"Maybe I am."

"It don't look like it."

"Hold your jaw; I'm down on my luck, now, but I shan't be long. I did'nt get what I wanted, leastways, it was took from me, but——"

"Took from you? Who on earth could take anything from you as you had a mind to keep, unless you was drunk? You've got a pretty tight hand on what you collars, in a general way."

"I wasn't drunk, and 'was none on earth took it; there!"

"Then who in the name of thunder was it?"

"A dead man—one who has been dead these ten years. 'Twas a bit of paper I'd got—marriage certificate; and—and he took it. Don't chaff about it, mate; it won't bear thinking of yet."

"Then you've had no good out of your journey after all?"

'Oh, yes, I have; I've got that as 'll get me into the house, and my lady Countess see me, and force her to stop my mouth with bank notes besides."

"Let's see, Trout."

"Hands, off, then."

"Honor bright."

Thus sworn, Rook watched him intently while his companion undid his miserable coat, and produced from the lining of his dirty waistcoat a small parcel, which being unfolded revealed the diamond necklace.

"My eye;" he exclaimed, for he knew something about diamonds, "that is a haul! What will they fetch, Tadpole?"

"They'll fetch all the rest of my lady's jewels, and money into the bargain—there's more in these than diamonds—there's murder behind them."

"Murder!"

"Aye, and this thing is the only bit of evidence. I shall go to Eaton Square to-night, and find out if there has been any stir; if there has, they'll be off their guard, and we won't wait for the Blaster to do the job. You and I, with the help of the old woman there to hide the swag, can manage without him."

But Jonathan Trout found out nothing by going to the West End. He hung about the mews of Eaton Square, where little Rosebud had waited for admission to Lord Galton's house, and volunteered to do sundry odd jobs for the stable helpers, who rewarded him with various half-pints of ale and porter. But still he could hear of no great lady being in any scrape, no disturbance had happened or been heard of in any of the smart houses that reared their heads in that aristocratic region; and yet he felt sure that the news must have reached London before he possibly could have arrived.

"It's very odd," he said to himself.

Then turning to a man whom he had just been helping to wash a waggonette, he asked:—

"And which might be my Lord Galton's house, now?"

"The her!'s," replied the man. "Why, that one, next door to this here; do you know any one there, mate?"

"I don't know as I do; I know more about Sir Hugh's people—my lady's father, you know. I'm a West-countryman, myself."

"They say my lady's very ill; her father came up from Cornwall, sudden, the other day, but he went back almost directly. I heard the coachman a talking about it; he was sent for, they said, and seemed almost worn out."

"Ah, my lady used to have a Mrs. Bretton about her, years ago; I know her."

"About her! Well, they do say that Mrs. Bretton is missis, almost; my old woman, she chars there, and she hears the servants talking, and that; Bretton aint much liked, but she's some hold on my lady."

"Ah! she used to have, she was always a queer piece, was Bretton—always up to something."

"She's up to something now."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know, but a policeman came and fetched her away, not half an hour since; I saw her go with my own eyes, and precious white she looked, I can tell you."

Jonathan Trout gave a long, low whistle.

"It's beginning to work," he said to himself, "they're getting hold of evidence by degrees. Will Bretton peach, or will she tell lies for the sake of her mistress? They wont bribe her, but they may frighten her. Ha! what's that?"

"What's what?" asked the man, stopping short in his rubbing and staring at the questioner.

"That. Who's that up there? Look at that second floor window. That girl."

He gripped the man's arm as he spoke, literally gasping with excitement, and pointing to a small window irom which a girl's face was looking somewhat sadly out.

"That? Let me see who is it? You've nearly taken a piece out of me, mate. Oh, I know it's little Bretton."

"Little Bretton!"

"Yes, my lady's maid, she's training to be thorough maid. My missus says it's some girl my lady picked out of the street, a flower girl she was. She's uncommon pretty, with long fair hair, and they do say she's very like my lady herself, but I can't say as to that. Any way she's called Mary Bretton now, and a nice spoken child she is, too."

"It's her, by heaven!" ejaculated Jonathan Trout, still staring up at the quiet face looking down at him. "My lady's waiting maid! Mary Bretton! What a 'oke it is! ha!"

At the same instant a spasm of fear passed over the girl's face and she drew back from the window. She had seen and recognised Trout, and terrified at his appearance, she rushed from the room, while he, chuckling, relieved the mews of his presence, and shambled back to Burridge's Rents, chuckling as he went

THE CHURCH OF THE TRANSFIGURATION.

"THAT LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER."

"It's the best luck of all," he said to himself, "to have found her, she'll be a better guide than my lady's fears; she will show me where to find the pretty necklaces and the heavy bracelets and all the fine plate. Her pretty face shan't save her from us. I'll have her before she's twenty-four hours older."

Rose, flying from the room where she had been sitting, instead of taking the servants' coridor and staircase in her descent, heedlessly flew along the grand corridor and down the front staircase. She was sadly bewildered, all had seemed confusion to her for the past few days. Sir Hugh Pendarvis's sudden advent, and the way he regarded her, which seemed to be with unspeakable dismay and horror, and his equally sudden departure, seemed to unsettle the whole house. Her lady was ill and could not be seen, and then Bretton, her only friend, had been cross and captious with her that day, and told her it would be well if she had never been born. All these things considered, she had been very uncomfortable; and now, to crown her misfortunes, she ran straight into the arms of the Earl, who was coming up stairs in no very amiable mood. He was terribly troubled. His father-in-law had gone away, literally not knowing what he was about, so distressed did he appear at the telegram he had received; his wife was too ill to enter into any explanation, and Bretton had been spirited away by the police. All these things considered, it was no wonder he was cross, or that the girl running against him that way should put him still more out of temper.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, in his sternest voice.

"I beg your pardon my lord, I——"

"You what? You have no business here."

"I did'nt mean to," the girl began, terribly frightened at him, for he was always rather harsh to her; "it was a mistake, my lord, I did not mean to come here."

"Din'nt *mean?* How could you get here without meaning it? You will keep to the servants' part of the house for the future. You are not in attendance upon her ladyship, now, and I cannot have the servants going where they like in this way."

Something in the frightened face struck him as he spoke, and he said more gently:—

"But where were you going?"

"I don't know, sir?"

"Don't know?"

"No, sir, I was frightened and forgot where I was running to."

"Frightened! Who frightened you? There, sit down," pushing her on to a broad window seat. "Now tell me all about it."

"It was a man, sir, one I used to know—they have found me! Oh, sir, don't let them take me away!"

"Don't be a little fool! no one can take you away from here! There, go to Bretton's room and take care not to go out alone. I don't suppose these people will care to claim you, and as long as you behave well you shall be taken care of. And I heartily wish we had never seen you," he added, *sotto voce*, as Rose vanished through a side door; "there's been nothing but mischief afoot since you came into the house."

Jonathan Trout returned to the Rents hungry but elated.

"Give me some dinner!" he said to Mrs. Barton, "I'm famished!"

"Dinner! Are you come to quality hours, that you want dinner at five o'clock in the day? Where's the money?"

"I haven't a mag, but look here, old girl, give me something to eat, call it supper, if you like, it don't matter, and I'll tell you a piece of good news.'

"Tell it now."

"When I've had some grub—you aint to be trusted, Mother Barton; come on, it's worth a meal."

Grumblingly she set some coarse food before him, and he eat and drank like a famished wolf. When he had finished and sucked the bones, making a horrible ogre of himself with grease, and washed the whole down with fiery gin, he turned to her with a leer.

"Now I'm ready," he said. "What d'ye think I've found?"

"A mare's nest *I* should think," said the Rook, "that's what your fin's mostly end in."

"You shut up. I've found the girl, Mother Barton, that's what I've found."

"What Rose? Where?"

"Where d'ye think? I've been a visiting my aristocratic friends, I have." What do you say to Eaton Square and my Lady Galton's?"

"I knowed it!" Meg Barton exclaimed, "I was sure of it! So they've got her have they, curse em!"

"Aye, that they have, all titivated and dressed up like a lady, sitting at the window, and looking out as grand as if she was the countess herself. She saw me too, and went away, but she's there safe enough."

"We must have her back, Tadpole."

"Of course we must; think of the use she'll be in what we're going to do. You'll take care of her when once we get her, wont you, Meg?"

"Wont I? She can't get out of the little room, there, except she knocks her brains out jumping down, and she wont do that. Take care of her! bring her here and see, my man, that's all!"

Bretton returned from her odd outing with the policeman in a most mysterious and unequal manner. One minute she appeared radiant with delight, the next depressed beyond all comprehension. She could not carry her anxieties, whatever they were, to her lady, for even her husband was scarcely allowed to approach her, so strict was the doctor's orders, and Rose did not dare to ask what ailed her. She could not tell her of her own fright, for the usually calm Mrs. Bretton seemed, when she had been in her own room a few minutes, on the verge of a fit of hysterics.

"I'm all upset, child," she said; I've had a trying day of it; I shall be able to talk better to-morrow. Run to the chemist's at the top of the mews for a pennyworth of *sal volatile* for me, there's a good girl. I musn't let anyone see me like this. You are not afraid of the dark?"

"Oh, no."

"Throw'a shawl over your head; you'll not be seen."

It was about nine o'clock, and as Bretton had said, quite dark. Rosebud sped quickly aloug the mews, made her purchase and left the shop. Hardly two yards from the door a rapid hand pulled the shawl quite over her face and mouth, something like a cloak was flung around her arms, and unable to struggle or scream, she was lifted up and borne away.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Away! away! in frantic haste,
Through the live long night I flew
Away! away! across the waste,
I know not how, I never knew."

The superintendent at Tantallon kept his word to Mr. Mervyn; it was several hours after his departure for Plymouth before the official messenger reached there, and his telegram was not calculated to do much mischief. It was only:—

"Send down good officer to assist in investigating a curious case of murder; full particulars by express train."

So that it was actually far on into the night before the policeman sent to meet the train from Cornwall received a small package for his child, which that functionary read with amazement too deep for words. Three or four times over he perused it, and then touched his bell.

"Reserve."

"Yes, sir."

"Take a cab and go to Eaton square; see the sergeant and the officer on that beat; find out everything you can about *that* house and those who live there; keep a still tongue, and come back as soon as possible."

"Very good, sir."

"And the man hurried off, betraying no surprise or curiosity, not even astonishment, at the fact that it was the Earl of Galton's house he was sent to enquire about. He had no orders to be surprised or inquisitive, and he went his way, stolid and unimaginative, to return in less than two hours. He had seen the policeman on the beat, and the sergeant, and had obtained all the information he could. My lady was lying dangerously ill; straw was laid down in the street; my lord never left the house. My lady's father had come suddenly up from Cornwall, and gone away as suddenly; there was something the matter, but what no one seemed exactly to know.

"Warned, perhaps," the officer said to himself, and ordered a watch to be set upon Lord Galton's house. No one knew it; no one could possibly guess it, but it was watched, and closely too; not a soul could have come or gone without intelligence thereof being transmitted to the office at once. Nothing came of it for twelve hours; no one attempted to enter or leave the house except servants on the ordinary daily business, and the physicians in attendance. But news of great importance came from Cornwall at the end of that time, and the chief of the office owned himself puzzled. A second letter by train admonished him of the return home of Sir Hugh Pendarvis, who, quite overcome with grief and despair, had unguardedly let fall words which plainly proved his knowledge of what had occurred on the eve of his daughter's wedding; and Lady Alice Manwaring, now Lady Alice Bellingham, wife of the colonel in command at Plymouth garrison, had, being skilfully questioned, acknowledged that she had seen her friend out on that fatal night and taxed her with it afterwards.

"It's an awful thing!" the superintendent said to himself, when he had read the second letter; "a frightful calamity to befall a family like that! Murder is murder everywhere, but when the culprit is of high rank and station like this the news of the crime flies all over the world. Well, it must be done; well or ill I must have her."

While he was even writing instructions for his subs, preparing the very warrant which should place the handcuffs on Clara Pendarvis' wrists, one of his men tapped at the door.

"Come in."

The man entered and saluted.

"Well."

"A man, sir, wants to see you."

"Can't see any one now."

"Says he must, sir."

"Tell him to wait."

"Very good, sir."

The superintendent wrote on, but in five minutes the man entered.

"Well," he said again, testily, "what now?"

"The person bid me say, sir, that his business wont wait; he has come straight from Tantallon, he says."

"What's his name?"

"Won't give it, sir."

"Confound him, and you, too!" said the officer, irascibly. "Show him in."

The policeman went and ushered in a man muffled in a large great coat, with his hat pulled over his eyes and his handkerchief up to his mouth. He entered and stood quite still before the desk

"Well, my man, what is it!"

"Business with you."

"Well, out with it. I've no time for talking; be quick."

"*Alone* with you, if you please."

"Oh! very well. Johnson——"

"Yes sir."

"Get out."

Johnson got out, and the stranger advanced closer to the superintendent.

"You are making up a case against the Countess of Galton?" he said.

"Yes."

"For a murder committed eleven years ago in Cornwall?"

"Yes."

"You need not."

"Why?"

The man said a few words in a low tone, which made the officer start from his seat in surprise.

"Impossible!" he said. "You are sent here by some one with a trumped up story to defeat the ends of justice."

"I am not; I came here to save the innocent, though, mind you, she believes herself guilty; her father believes it; others think it, too; but I am here to disprove it all."

"You will have to bring strong and tangible proof of what you say."

"Am I not tangible enough?" the man asked, with a laugh. "As to the strength I can't say. I'm not the man I was years ago. Look over these; they will help you to believe me, perhaps."

He laid a packet of papers on the table, and threw off his hat and disguising cloak. He was a handsome, well-made man, with grizzly hair, wearing thin on the top, and clear, eager eyes. His limbs looked lithe and supple still, but he was thin and worn, as if from recent illness.

The officer took down a large book from a shelf, and read a description out loud.

"It wouldn't answer quite now," he said, "you've lost your curling, chesnut hair, and that big scar doesn't add to your beauty, but I know you."

"And I know you, too; you were only a detective when that was written; my papers are all right, ticket of leave and——but I can prove still further that I am the man you know of."

"How?"

"I can repeat the very words that passed between us that night as you helped to send me over the sea. Shall I tell you what you said to me, with your hand on my collar?"

"I think I remember.'

"I whispered:—'Let a poor devil go as never hurt you, and I'll help to make your fortune.' You said to me:—'My man, my marriage depends on taking you, the girl I love is waiting till I can claim the reward.' And a tender hearted young lady she must have been, sir, and I hope you have been happy on that money, and the rest as you've earned like it."

"Do not speak of her; she is dead," said the superintendent, huskily. Many a time he and his wife had spoken of that capture, and the reward which had helped their marriage, and wondered what had become of the very man who now stood there recalling them to his mind.

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure, but you know me now?"

"I do, but I think it well to have other identification. Does Lord Galton know you?"

"No; Sir Hugh Pendarvis does, and my lady of course, and Bretton."

"Who is that?"

"Her maid; she was there that night and saw everything."

And thus it came about that Bretton was sent for, and startled the stolid officials at the office by going off in a dead faint at the sight of the man with whom she was confronted, and having to be brought round with water and *sal volatile*. That she fully identified him as Tom Blight, whom, to the best of her belief, she had seen her mistress push into the pool the night before her wedding, she declared upon her oath, but was too terrified at the thought of the consequences of his return to be able to speak coherently about anything she remembered.

"It all happened as has been reported to you," the restored man said to the superintendent, "only the stone never touched me; I saw her intent and dived before it into the water, losing all the jewels she had thrust into my hands in doing so. You, to whom your wife was dear, can understand the feelings that prompted me to quit the place at once, and, as I intended, forever; but for one thing I should not have cared if she had done what she intended to do."

"One thing! What?"

"A secret at present, sir—not for long now I trust. You have only known me as a felon—it was that night's deed that made me one. Had she shown me one spark of pity she might have made me what she would, had she said to me:—'Tom, you have a place in my heart still'—I could have lain down at her feet and died like a dog to free her. But she tried to kill me, and I determined to live for revenge!"

"But she was desperate," pleaded Bretton, "and despair is mad; you won't harm her now, I hope?" she added

"Have I ever harmed her? There has been a protecting presence between me and her, lately, that will keep her from all harm at my hands hitherto. The future must take care of itself."

"The law must take its course," said the superintendent. "Lord Galton must be communicated with at once."

"Not now—not till you see whether my lady will live or die," pleaded Bretton. "What is the use of causing a scandal round her death-bed? for it would be her death-bed if she knew what was going on here."

"I must have time to think," said the officer; "it is a tangled skein to unravel, altogether; but since the worst charge is entirely disproven, the other may surely rest. But we have now to find whose corpse they have fished out of the pool yonder."

"Some one must have seen all and gone in, thinking to get the jewels," Tom Blight remarked. "And yet I didn't see a soul—not even Bretton there—till after I got out of the water."

They never did find out, but his theory was correct; the bones were those of a tramp who had seen and heard all and thought to grasp a prize in the present and a paying secret for the future, and who had perished in the attempt. Word was sent to Cornwall, and Sir Hugh Pendarvis once more summoned to town, this time binging Mr. Mervyn with him. Both gentlemen had an interview with the superintendent, but neither of them saw Tom Blight. After so suddenly summoning his presence in the world, he as suddenly disappeared, and not even the vigilance of the police could discover him. There was nothing for which they could detain him—he was a free man and they were powerless. The little girl's disappearance from Eaton square did not cause much disturbance to any one but Bretton.

Lady Galton, of course, could not be told, and the servants, one and all, jealous of the favor with which she was regarded, declared that she had gone back to her old haunts, and it would be well if she did not bring back a lot of thieves to rob the house. They little knew how near the truth were their fears, though they need not have doubted Rose's honesty. Lord Galton was of the same opinion, though he did cause a search to be made and bills to be put out offering a reward; it was all no use, the child did not return.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEVER HAD SPARROWS.—Two ladies were talking about the sparrows, and their usefulness in ridding the city of the cankerworms which used to be such a nuisance. One said that the noisy chirping of the sparrows early in the morning, when she wanted to sleep, was as great an evil as the worms. The other lady disagreed. Just then a gentleman came in, and he was appealed to. "Mr. A——, which do you think the worst, sparrows or worms?" He answered, "I don't know, I never had sparrows."

HE DIED BEFORE THE FALL (OF THE CURTAIN).—An ambitious amateur once put up the play of the "Lady of Lyons" as a complimentary testimonial to himself. At the end of the first act he addressed the audience as follows:—"Ladies and gentlemen, with your kind permission I will conclude the evening's entertainment by singing 'I would not die in spring time,' as I find the part of *Claude* a little too hefty for me."

"THAT LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER."

All honor to that little church,
The Church around the corner,
That needs no gems or jewels rare
Or presents to adorn her.

With charity she shows to all,
The saint as well as scorner,
That Christian spirit still exists
In the Church around the corner.

With Christian love she dries the tears
That fall from every mourner,
By giving faith and hope to all
In the Church around the corner.

Faith, Hope and Charity are hers;
To her be ever honor;
The Church built on our Saviour's word—
The Church around the corner.

—*Baltimore American.*

THE CHURCH OF THE TRANSFIGURATION.

"That Little Church Around the Corner."

This "little church" has recently had its dimensions very much increased in public esteem by the late pharisaical conduct of W. T. Sabine, the so called reverend of the Church of the Atonement, in Madison avenue, in refusing to perform the last sad rites over the remains of a worthy and much esteemed man, both in public and private life, the late Mr. George Holland, his unreasonable reason for refusing being simply and only that Mr. Holland was an actor; and then, in sarcastic egotism, referring them to the gentlemen who solicited his services to "that little church around the corner," whose interests are presided over by the Rev. G. H. Houghton, who was thus furnished with and responded in Christian-like spirit to the opportunity of evincing that he, unlike his Sabinele majesty, was possessed of that greatest of all virtues, charity. What a comparison with the Madison avenue divine! The one, in all humbleness, like his Master before him, in an undemonstrative manner, doing what he could to soothe the afflicted; while the other recklessly and irreligiously shocks the sensibilities of a son laboring under the most trying circumstances that can occur in the lifetime of any man—the arranging for the consignment of the remains of a father to their last resting place—and declines to perform the burial service over the inanimate clay that once contained the spirit of an actor. Judging from his uncharitable conduct, it seems more than probable that Mr. Sabine is trying to erect a separate heaven for the rich of his vicinity; a Dyves' demeii; but, as the Good Book teaches, poor Lazaruses are likely to receive a heartier welcome in that bourne from whence no traveler returns; so, stranger, let's pass the Madison avenue structure by, while we go to the more humble edifice "around the corner." The unpleasant occurrence above alluded to has already been dilated upon and full particulars given in a recent issue of the CLIPPER, and Mr. Sabine's conduct has brought down upon his head the denunciations of almost the entire American press, whether religious or secular, as it deserved, consequently we need not further enlarge upon it here. In proper recognition, however, of the kindness exhibited to an actor by the Rev. Mr. Houghton, and because thereby the Church of the Transfiguration has been made an object of public interest, more particularly to the profession to which Mr. George Holland belonged, we have chosen it as a subject for illustrating the first page of this issue, and here append a description as we find it in Appleton & Co.'s *New York Illustrated*:—

THE CHURCH OF THE TRANSFIGURATION,

situated on the north side of Twenty-ninth street, just east of Fifth avenue, and, with its adjoining chapel, rectory and air of seclusion than for any architectural pretensions. Indeed, it may be said to have no architecture at all. The original edifice was erected about fourteen years ago, with the Rev. G. H. Houghton as rector, and a congregation of three members. From time to time, as the congregation grew in numbers and wealth, additions were made by appending a little chapel at this end, a porch at that end and a wing at the side, until, finally, the original building itself disappeared and gave place to another equally quaint and plain. A glimmer of the Gothic seems to pervade the low, simple eaves, with here and there, in a short slender column or two, perhaps, a shadow of the Arabesque, or something else; so that it is in vain to place the whole structure within the confines of any specific order of art. With its attendant buildings, the church occupies about ten lots on the street; and with the row of small trees in front, and the little green between the buildings, and the iron railing enclosing them, it would seem, were it not for the out-door bustle and life of the near avenue, much like one might imagine that little church wherein Tom Pinch was wont to play the organ near the residence of the architectural Pecksniff. The size of the interior, however, is far greater than one would suppose. When the chapel is given into the main body of the church, as is the custom, by means of folding doors, this, with the interior of the wing, stretching southward to the street, affords accommodations for a much larger congregation than those of many buildings of far more pretentious exterior. The ceiling is very low and of smooth, simply arched oaken wood—the material of all the furniture. The chancel is comparatively small, and contains, besides the altar, a font of simple and exquisite design and of the pure Parian. The windows are small and narrow and prettily stained, as are also the windows over the chancel recess. The principal feature of the interior is the picture, directly behind the pulpit, of the Transfiguration, a copy from Raphael; and the entire interior is in keeping with the picturesqueness of the church as seen from the street.

GOOT BEEBLES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MARK QUENCHER.

Vad is id do been a good beeble? Dot's de question of id. Vad muad a berson do, und sed, und say do been a goot beeble? Id is easy enuff do answer dot. Choosd aod *der mosd best* you can. Dot don'd require a mind of immenseness do undushdood dot. *Do good actions outside; vich are shaarded by good feelings inside!* If you do good actions outside, *mitout* being brombted by inside feelings, dot is a helly fraud; und sudge beebles vill haf as much chance do shneak in drew der heiendy gates as id vood seem likely for a elebhand do been caught in a rad drap!

Dere are some beads, und frauds, vich are galled good beebles. Id is nod enuff do dress ub in a white choger, und do git ub schvearin on Sunday, und do schqueeze buddins and adderdising shtambs indo der collection blades, instead of goot money; und do hafe a indermiddend dose vile der sermon is geting ground ond. Id is nod enuff, I say, do do all dese Chrisdian dings if you durn around next day und dakes you your oath do your oudomer dot der coad fids him berfidly, ven you know id fids aboud as nead as a blanked vich is rolled around a feller; or do schvear dot you don'd make a cend ven you know you make aboud dwenty-eighd ber cend. *ad valorem*, dot means midout any drubble.

I like goot beeble, but I don'd freeze do der *augul* goot beeble. I don'd like d se beebles who voodend say "dam id" in fun, bud who would say "gonfound id," and "dam id," und "blame id" in real earnesd—*und mid mudch more badness in der accend!*

I don'd like a man who vill shbill a whole cend in a blind man's had (und make him say, "May you always seem habby," in gase he forgeds id) in a public abdreed, und den goes do his shdore und reinofes sefen cends out of shmall tin's wages, because he losed sefen minudes of his dime (vile he vas kissing der leedle gal ub shdairs). I don'd like a man vad keebs his family in sudch a reckular order, und keebs dem so goot, dot der house is aboud as lifely as der Doombs during a equinoshal shdorm. Dis is nod sensible, because der young roosders will soon find ond der dullness of dere house, in gombarison mid der eggsdreme ind-pendence und lifeleness of der nearest saloons, und vill act accordingly; dot is, dey vill began a life of decied, by indulging in leedle gued schmokes in der rear house, by keebin a baber of virchin under der bed, und by learning der differend effects of lager beer und bourbon, und after a vile, as der schnoods ged more finer, by delling der difference bedween bourbon and able-chack—vich is somedimes a job for a old sdager! So you see dot eggsdraordinary gootness fails of id's objick, shoods id's grandmudder, do speak in a mederorial shdyle, und acds *vice versa*, vich means choosd eggsackedly der obbosdde imadeal.

Dere are some goot beeble, who do noding vrong und who acd very brober indeed, whom I don'd dink are any gread shakes; pecause, id is nod so mudch deir awful gootness vich brefends dem from doing vrongfully, as der fraid aboud der conserquences—in fact, dey are afraid dey vood been caught. So I don't gif dem a pushel of credid; bud do der boor lick whose nadure is sudge dot id is always vishing do run off der drack und god in some scrabe, id is a mosd ubladder vork do keeb do der brober poind, und he deserfs a heab of credid if he sugzeeds at all.

Like, for instance, der "goot" beebles who are always gursing liquor, and blowing how dey nefer trinked a drob of liquor in deir lifes. I dond dink dey are endidled do more as a heab of credid, pecause, haing nefer daaded it (und often being doo shdingy do sphend der cash for id), dey don'd know vad id is, und don'd care for id, und id requires no kicking against der bricks do god avay from id; bud do der unfordunade doper, who has been soaking his insides mid "gin sling sour cocktails" and "bourbon very shdraight" for a half a dosen years, and whose nadure howls for dot like a young papy grys for ids maderual breasdfeed—ven, I say, he suggeeds in nothing right avay ub side, und away from der abdud, den I say he is endidled do der chambionship of honoraple beebles, und is deserfing of any quandidy of credid.

A PATRIOTIC QUOTER.—A little boy in a Brooklyn Sunday school was asked lately to say which was the most beautiful verse in the Bible. After some hesitation he replied, blushingly:—"It any man pulls down the American flag shoot him on the spot."

THE GREATEST JOINER—the lawyer. He can place a tenant, empannel a jury, box a witness, have the counsel chisel a client, augur the gains, floor a witness, get aboard, nail the case, hammer the desk, file his bill and shave a whole community.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1871.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
Corner of Centre and Leonard streets,
Box 3,360 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

☞ CORRESPONDENTS, advertisers, and all others writing in relation to matters connected with this or any other department of the CLIPPER, are respectfully requested to address their favors to the editor and proprietor, and thereby avoid omissions, mistakes and confusion which are likely to occur when such communications are addressed to our assistants.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

J. L. K., Boston.—Custom differs, we know, but after a due digest of the case, and as the authority on moot questions, which, as the oldest sporting medium in America, we have a right to claim, we decide that when his partner assists the dealer cannot play a lone hand, because by assisting he prevents the third player from playing alone; also, because the dealer would not, in most cases, play alone were it not that, by assisting, his partner as much as tells him that he has a strong hand, which is manifestly unfair.

J. P. G., Warsaw, Ala.—Not knowing the character of the play, we cannot very well advise you as to the proper parties to submit it to; but, in whatever line it may have been written, we should say, communicate with some of our leading performers in the same line, and, if there is real merit in it, they will not be slow to see it. Thanks for effusions; we will make use of them at an early day.

FAIR PLAY.—The best way to take action in the matter you refer to is to prepare a rule worded to suit the question involved, and send it to the committee organizing the forthcoming Amateur Convention, so as to have it embodied in the amateur rules. It would do no good to discuss the subject in our columns, as there is a friendly feeling between the two clubs concerned now, and it is better that it should continue.

FOURTH STREET.—In a general sense, the east and west portions may be considered Fourth street proper; for, though nominally divided, it is still one street or thoroughfare. Nominal sub-division does not nullify its entirety any more than the sub-division of the city into wards makes any part of it less incorporated with New York.

PIGEON, Fort Leavenworth.—The Rhode Island rules of pigeon shooting were published in the CLIPPER some time ago, and we have not space for their re-publication. Write to the Secretary of the Rhode Island Sporting Men's Club, Providence, and he may probably be able to furnish you with a copy.

PUSH SHOT, Peoria, Ill.—1. At seven up, each having two points to go, low, Jack goes out before high, game, because the point for game is the last to be taken. 2. The push shot in billiards is in order, unless debarred by mutual agreement before commencing play.

CARROLL, Baltimore, Md.—The lady was married and had two children, both of whom are living. She was divorced from her husband in New York city in 1865. He was living in Paris, France, at the breaking out of the war. He is now, we believe, in London, ENG. He has possession of the children.

CONSTANT READER, Indianapolis, Ind.—Some of the engines traveling on the Chester and Holyhead railroad, in England, take up water while in motion, a long trough running along the centre of the track supplying through rubber hose attached to the locomotive.

THEATRICAL, New Orleans, La.—1. Simply from an ancient custom benefits are usually given on Friday nights. 2. The manager of the theatre is right of stock artists' benefits. 3. The troupe at present performing in your city is *bona fide* the Lydia Thompson Troupe. 4. Probably not. 5. Miss Hattie Vallee.

HAMLET B., Ottawa, Ont.—1. You are right. Levy came to this country with Mme. Parepa on the occasion of her first visit some five years since. 2. There is but one Levy who plays the cornet-a-piston.

GEORGE, Cincinnati, O.—1 and 2. The lady was born in New York city in 1832, consequently is in her 39th year. 3. She commenced her profession at a very early age, playing child's parts. 4. No, Mr. Paddock. 5. One.

R. H.—The intention of the "joker" in a euchre pack is an innovation on the regular game, and there are no fixed rules to govern it; consequently local custom or mutual agreement before commencing play must govern it.

YOUNG BOY.—The game at casino is not counted until all the cards are played, and in the event of a tie it is a stand off. 2. There is no preference as to the order of counting. 3. The cards are dealt four at a time.

SAM, Oshkosh, Wis.—Three fives and a Jack in hand, with a five turned up of the same suit as the Jack, constitute the best hand at cribbage. Its count is 16 for fifteens, 12 for double-pair-royal, and one for his "nibs"; or 29 in all.

SPORTSY, Philadelphia.—Bradley defeated Rankin at Point Albino, Canada, 152 rounds, 178 minutes, Aug. 1st, 1857. Isaiah Smith was referee, and Thos Elliott final stakeholder. Wm. McMullen was umpire for Bradley, and Richard Buckley for Rankin.

M., Mobile.—1. The battle of Alma, the first of the Crimean war, was fought in Sept., 1854, and the fall of Sebastopol took place in Sept., 1855; thus Russia was at war with Turkey and the allied powers in both. 2. Henry Clay was never nominated for President.

R. H., Watertown, N. Y.—1. In cutting at euchre, four or more cards must be taken off the pack, and four or more left on the table. 2. In dealing, first two and then three cards, or vice versa, must be given to each player; but to each on the same number each round.

OPERA.—1. Brevet Lieutenant General Winfield Scott was the first officer in the Army of the United States who ever received the pay of the grade of Lieutenant General. 2. The Academy of Music, Philadelphia, will seat 3,124.

ATHLETE.—Mace neither holds nor has possession of the English champion belt. The last match for the trophy was between Joe Goss and Harry Allen, but they did not fight and the belt remains in the custody of *Bell's Life*.

F. H. M., Worcester.—If the ball struck the outer part of the base it was "foul," and the umpire should have promptly called it. The player you refer to was made a victim of the error of the umpire.

ROWERS, Syracuse, N. Y.—1. Conzad's time in his race of 125 yards with R. D. Davis, was 12¾ seconds. 2. We have a correspondent in your city. Thank you for offer.

MARITIME.—The Cambria won but one race (that with the Idler) against the Dauntless in the ocean race. The Dauntless is the only vessel of the three that has a name.

J. E. H., Pittsburgh, Pa.—We prefer to wait. Your favors will be placed in their respective departments. No matter how brief some of them may be, we will see that they go in their proper places.

A. S. M., Middleburg.—1. State whether you mean an eastern or western race and between what parts. 2. Not recorded. 3. Mention distance.

F. H. T., Holyoke, MASS.—1. You cannot take up the trump card when another has dealt. 2. You have no right to give a card, and direct another to play alone.

WINDY SIC. H. B. C.—The game was forfeited by the party refusing to play, and in favor of their adversaries of the E. club, by a score of 9 to 0.

OLD READER, Brooklyn.—We do not keep a record of where letters are sent to.

S. A., Pittsburgh.—We cannot vouch for the quality of the goods sold by any firm.

DAILY REGISTER.—Five lines for three months, cash in advance, $7.80.

MACK, Cincinnati.—1. We do not publish averages of outs and runs. Send record of games played. 2. Plain and good.

MILLWRIGHT.—H. Plympton owns the patent. His address is Plympton Hall, cor. of 9th street and Stuyvesant place, N. Y.

KEYSTONE SKATING CLUB.—You will be duly notified, and the clubs here will be glad to welcome your delegate.

CHICAGO.—It would not be a strictly legal marriage; but yet she could not be held amenable to the law, because there would be no one with sufficient cause to sue.

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CHICAGO.—It would not be a strictly legal marriage; but yet she could not be held amenable to the law, because there would be no one with sufficient cause to sue.

CONSTANT READER.—Only one lone hand can be played at euchre, and as B ordered the trump up and played it alone, he was entitled to but one point for his three tricks.

"OMER."—Owing to the lapse of time since the first poem appeared, the point in yours would not be seen if the effusion you send us should be published now.

F. J. W., Washington.—The same to you, and we assure you that it is a pleasure to be bothered in that way. Will be given in our next.

J. T. L., Memphis.—1. Gen. Sherman is lieutenant general. 2. He cannot play alone after his partner assists. 3. A player can have two or more hands on the table at the same time.

"CLAUDE HOPPER."—We have two or three genuine letters on the same subject, which we have not room for, and this will account for the omission of your effusion.

F. E.—The labor market, owing to full times, is overfull, and vacancies are few and far between, so that we are unable to give the information solicited.

TURO.—A deserter from the British army can be arrested at any time for that offence on British territory. His having become a citizen of the United States would be no protection to him.

H. N. H.—Straight flushes do not beat four aces unless specially agreed upon before commencing to play. They only count as a simple flush.

A. B. L.—The "Black Crook," on its first production at Niblo's Garden, New York City, was withdrawn after the performance of Jan. 4th, 1868.

YANKEY CITY, N. J.—We never heard of an actor named S. L. Warwick. There is one named Charles Warwick, who can be addressed in care of this office.

CONSTANT READER, Bridgeport, Conn.—Ned O'Baldwin, the "Irish Giant," was beaten by Andrew Marsden, 3r, 3¼min., Oct. 21st, 1868, at Tring, Eng.

J. A. D., Baltimore.—1. Two points are all that may be taken for a euchre. 2. Mr. Geo. Holland, it's business is first walking gentleman, and the lady's is "utility."

J. H. K.—If A's representative had already thrown for "low" A could have nothing further to say or do; but if said representative had not thrown, then A's claim was in order.

W. H. M., Andover, MASS.—B won by showing a ten cent stamp. Currency, being legal tender, as much represents a sum of money as coin.

SHERIFF, Utica, N. Y.—You win the bet, as Governor Hoffman's majority over all candidates in the late election was 27,871, or 2,129 less than 30,000.

J. S., Boston.—Cards played in the following order [illegible] 3, 3, 7, 7, 9—do not entitle the player of the last [illegible] therefore.

A NEWS DEALER.—[illegible] sequence to a sequence [illegible]

[illegible]—At auction pitch, the party who gave three points and made high, low, game, with but one point to go, went out first.

J. K. H., Louisville, Ky.—Leotard and Pfau, both gymnasts, are dead. We received no account of the manner or cause of Leotard's death. Pfau died of consumption.

T. D.—Bill Poole was shot in February, 1855, and Baker was captured in April of the same year.

CHARLES CAREY, Boston, MASS.—See summary of the present issue.

TWO READERS, Indianapolis, Ind.—We have no record of such performances.

BOSTON, Boston, MASS.—Dan Setchell was lost at sea on the voyage from San Francisco, Cal., to Aukland, New Zealand.

ARMON A., Birdsboro, Pa.—We do not insert accounts of fights of that description.

GUTTER FLOAT.—Jerry Donovan and Jim Cusick seconded Mace against Allen.

J. W., Toledo, O.—The subject is not of sufficient general interest, neither have the lines been carefully prepared.

J. E. R.—You will find your question fully answered in the description of our engraving in this issue.

A. K. TAN WIE.—Merely a matter of fancy, which we cannot undertake to determine.

J. F. H.—The publishers are the only parties that can reply to your query.

ESQUIRE, Norwich, N. Y.—According to the terms stated A won, as Gov. Hoffman did get 30,000 more votes than Woodford.

NIMROD.—Forty pair would cost you $50, besides freight. See Ed. James' advertisement.

A CARD PLAYER.—Two points are all that may be taken for a euchre under any circumstances.

WHEELING.—Get "Caleb's Law and Practice of Whist" by remitting $1 to Ed. James, as per advertisement.

K. Y., Indianapolis.—We have a limited supply on hand of that sort, and do not need any more at present.

P FOOLE.—It is not up to our standard, and is therefore declined.

A AND B, Boston.—The game was a tie and neither can score it. See answer to Yorkville Boy.

SUBSCRIBER, Cohoes.—Three trays at raffles with dice beat two sixes and an ace.

FLOAT CANVILLON.—One costs 75 cents, and the other two, 63 cents each.

TROS. P. WEEKS, Richmond, Va.—You can get them of Ed. James, who advertises in another column.

CONSTANT READER.—Andy Hines (Piggey), died in Philadelphia Aug., 1853, aged 30.

A. C. W., Albany, N. Y.—There are two variety theatres in Boston, the Howard and Adelphi, but none called the "Theatre Comique."

A SUBSCRIBER, Staten Island.—Mace and Coburn were to have fought in Ireland, Oct. 4th, 1864.

SHOOTER, Phila.—He had no right to refuse to allow the man to shoot, providing he had paid for his chance.

DEERY, Boston, MASS.—No; he beat Travers, the latter falling without a blow.

S. S. S., Providence, R. I.—1. You will find all needed information upon the subject in our columns before the arrival of the day fixed upon. 2. Yes.

STAKEHOLDER.—As both hogs were of the same weight A's could not have weighed more than C's, consequently C won the money.

LOCKPORT.—Jim Mace has been beaten twice only—by Bob Brettle and Tom King, both of whom were also defeated by him.

PAT COYLE, Bloomington, Ill.—He is proprietor of a saloon on the corner of Broadway and East Houston street.

MOSES STIEFEL.—Capt. McGowan, John Stewart, Trustee and Lady Fulton have all trotted twenty miles inside of an hour.

BACKER, Frankfort, N. Y.—We cannot give publicity to your challenge unless you forward a deposit.

C. A., Boston, Mass.—There is, or should be, a tray and an eight count twelve at cribbage, viz., six for fifteens and six for pair-royal.

W. H. B., Alliance, O.—The CLIPPER is correct. See reply to J. L. K.

DR FORD, St. Louis, Mo.—Jenny Lind married Otto Goldschmidt, a pianist, and they are both living in Europe.

JOHN M. MASON, Lexington, Ky.—See answer to Thos. P. Weeks.

TWO FRIENDS.—You are by no means too old to become gymnasts.

SCORER.—Your averages received, will be in next week.

ROCKS.—We have no means of answering your query.

IS PEOPLE PERSONS.—There are no laters for him.

R. H. B., Boston.—Two points only for a euchre.

METAMORA.—Yes, and he was acquitted.

H. G. PERKINS.—None.

SPORT.—C must deal.

DRAMATIC FORMS IN SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

We "assisted," not long since, at a Sunday School Convention, where a matter came up which moved us to some reflections not inappropriate to lay before our readers. Now we believe in the great utility of S. S. organizations and instructions as an efficient nursery of good members of the state as well as of the church; as a powerful promoter of good order and social purity. We have, also, another bottom principle—we despise cant in all its forms, and deprecate denunciation of others and their ways, when that denunciation is so fierce as to sink to vituperation; thrown out so at random as to be the evident offspring of prejudice and fanaticism; so bitter as to suggest envy and malice, and so illogical as to betray ignorance.

These sentiments were renewed in such force and freshness, that we cannot forbear writing them. A person with crude, incoherent ideas, tone suggestive of personal spite and manner almost furious, proceeded to make a series of denunciations against the drama and its delineators, many of them as false in fact as they were illogical in statement; and as offensive to good taste as the most *jejune* philosophy, and a corresponding uncouthness of manner could make them. Now, to what end? The effect, even on those who would fain have sympathized with him, was evidently anything but good. Disgust took the place of expected satisfaction; and conclusions, reached through such a channel, must have been rejected for very suspicion of improper motives.

But the man's "zeal without knowledge" did not stop here. He lashed and excoriated alike his own passions and those Sunday schools which, in the endeavor to make their concerts and other special gatherings attractive, employ the agency of cheerful recitations, dialogues, little dramatic acts, part songs with choruses, etc. We can only describe the bitter spirit, language and manner by saying that it was all we have above given, intensified to the utmost by his lack of appreciation of the fitness of things, fired by ignorant prejudice and bigoted conceit could prompt him to exhibit. If the drama direct was treated to unsparing abuse, it was as to a confessed enemy, to whom no quarter was to be shown and of whom none was to be taken. There was, to some degree, the attraction of open defiance about it. But when it came to visiting his acerbities with cumulative and culminating violence upon his own brethren, it is not in us to find words to express our contempt for such an advocate of a cause which, inculcated in its own proper, attractive light, is most genial in its operations and beneficial in its results.

But having exhausted alike his wind and his fanaticism on this line, he found himself called upon to replace some of his fierce negatives with positive processes for enlivening and interesting Sunday school concerts. *Presto!* What a revelation burst upon the ears of that astonished auditory! After the usual and proper devotional exercises, the ordinary and acceptable routine, he would strive to introduce some original and entertaining acts, at once to render the gathering in itself agreeable (an acknowledged vital point) and impress biblical facts and teachings indelibly upon the minds of the young. For instance, he said, among other devices, he would have twelve young gentlemen, previously instructed (*rehearsal*, you see) *personate* the tribes of Israel, each repeating passages of scripture, historical and otherwise, appropriate to his assumed character (*role*) and go out (*exit*) as he concluded. Then, all come to the front for the conclusion (*finale*, or *tag*), and recite in full and grand chorus, some culminating passage descriptive of the perfecting and extinction of the Jewish dispensation they had been personating, and its re-dawn, ing in the ultimate Christian.

The explosion of a mine could not more effectually have demolished his own edifice. The shallow pated fanatic! thought we, in mingled pity and scorn. Either his logic has completely chopped off the fingers of his practice, or his practice has, with relentless force, dashed out the brains of his logic. Had his perception equalled his bitterness, he would have seen that he himself had pitched upon one of those passages most fertile of dramatic interest, and facile of dramatic interpretation in the whole range of a vast chain of intensely wrought dramatic incidents, interests and effects.

The whole scope, progress and *denouement* of Bible history is but one absorbing press of dramatic action. The inception is as sublime as Deity, the changing situations have all the absorbing attraction the most vital interests of the human race can endow them with. The catastrophe to which we may confidently look is to be complete, and as stupendous as Omnipotence merging time into eternity can produce. And if we contemplate the inner life of precepts, doctrines and faiths veiled and carried along under these outward dresses of historical facts, faith coupled with perfect knowledge, we see with striking clearness the dramatic analogy. We hazard nothing in asserting that the "Law of Love," the gist and personification of all true religion, is set forth and wins followers mostly in proportion as its dramatic surroundings and ultimate conditions are recognized, set forth and acted upon. This very form is essential to its spirit. Glance at the outward historical situations [*scenes*]. The creation, deluge, Abraham, the bondage, Moses, the stupendous miracles of the exodus, the conquest of Canaan, the Theocracy, the kings and the first temple, the captivity, the second temple, the destruction and dispersion, Christ, and the triumphs of the Christian dispensation, with its completion yet to come, according to prophecy. Contemplate their inner life accompaniments. Man's creation perfect, his fall, the Adamic dispensation, with its almost direct communion with the Maker; the Mosaic, with its elaborate and magnificent typhical ritual, its Shechinah and visions; its displacement by the life, teachings and miracles, and tragical death of the law of force perfected in love and works sublimated to faith; the catastrophe awaiting the final gathering of the Jews, the destruction of terrestrial things, and the final, eternal settling of the *status* of all created intelligences.

What overwhelming data for a drama! The inception, the work, the production of a God! The entire universe is the theatre; the human soul and its Maker the actors, and all assembled intelligence the audience. We as naturally betake ourselves to this form of illustration as a child expresses delight by a laugh or a dance. And who can or would suppress either? No! Cant may whine and bigotry rave, but our ideas on all this subject fall into the channel and find their readiest, most genial and most effective expression in dramatic similitudes.

A PUNCTUATED FUEL-TON.—An effort has been made to ridicule Boss Tweed's generous donation of fuel to the poor of this city without —— or !, but we cannot see where the ,cality comes in, for at this dull wintry, the liberality o[illegible] the donor in allowing the poor to put: should not o[illegible]n? The grumblers may be" as among be subjected to [illegible]"fat take" themselves, now fuel those who would like a [illegible] per ton is going up in price.

"THE HEATHEN CHINEE."—Ah Chung, Su Jung, Wang Kung and All Yohe were lately sentenced, in a California court, to two years in the state prison and to pay a fine of $500, for "torturing and burning one of their countrywomen to satisfy some superstitious fun." We call this rather "Mean Fun," and are surprised to learn that Su Jung, or any other woman, should be mixed up in the affair.

THE NEW YORK PRINTING COMPANY, whose business headquarters are opposite the CLIPPER BUILDING, in Centre street, have just published their office calendar for 1871, as a specimen of the perfection they have reached in the art of color printing, etc. We consider the one presented to us quite an ornament to our sanctum.

SOME OF OUR MEN OF MEANS—who have not given anything in aid of the poor—are making mean men of themselves by endeavoring to belittle the munificent gift of fifty thousand dollars recently donated by Wm. M. Tweed, Esq., to the poor of the Seventh Ward.

THE "LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER" may be seen on the front page of this issue of the CLIPPER. Let the profession ever remember this "little church" and its big-hearted and charitable pastor, the Rev. G. H. Houghton.

THE DROP SCENE prepared for the Americus Club Ball is said to have cost twelve hundred dollars. The handsomest drop seen here was that of a young lady on Broadway during the last slippery spell.

A NICE QUESTION—Whether the heavy crop of ice now being harvested will have a tendency to cool the ardor of ice cream dealers, next summer, and induce them to "come down" in their prices.

"THEY SAY" that a California professor is engaged in writing essays "on a fly's nose." Not a very spacious writing desk, we should judge.

THE SONG "The Shells of the Ocean" has been altered by the Parisians into "O shun the shells," since the bombardment began.

WE ARE GRATIFIED in being able to state that the "*War*" has ended—at Wallack's Theatre. It gives place, we hope, to a *lasting piece*.

ARE POETS WHO EKE OUT a living in *attic rooms* to be looked upon as confirmed *rheumatics*?

A SHOOTING MATCH for the championship of Bourbon and Montgomery counties, Ky., and a $250 gun, took place at Lexington on the 28th ult., four men representing each county. The Bourbons proved victorious, and Mr. Trotter carried off the gun, with a score of 9.

Squibs and Things.

— Dec. 24 was one of the cold days. At Chicago the thermometer indicated 16 degrees below zero at Bloomington and Peoria, Ill., the mercury got down to 22 below zero, at La Salle it reached 14, and at Springfield and Mattoon 11 degrees below.

— Preparations are being made in Boston for a woman's rights fair. It's fair and right that the fair should have a fair, provided the fair do not put the fare too high—and even they might do the fair thing by the less fair part of creation.

— According to Connecticut law, it is a crime to sell adulterated wines and liquors, and a joint stock company is being formed at Meriden for the prosecution of those dealers who sell other than the pure article.

— The *Orphans' Appeal*—"printed and published by the printers and publishers, and edited by the editors"—is the title of a neat little paper issued by the officers of the fair in aid of the Union Home and School for Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans.

— A negro who came near being drowned in being baptized, scrambled ashore and indignantly exclaimed:—"Some gentleman'll lose an eighteen hundred dollar nigger sometime by dis dam fool. Intrusion!"

— Lectures are proposed as substitutes for capital punishment by a Cincinnati paper. Wouldn't a subscription to the aforesaid paper accomplish the same object at less expense? We merely make the suggestion and charge nothing for it.

— A New Bedford jury lately staid "out" all night endeavoring to decide whether or no liquor is intoxicating—and finally gave it up—the result of their deliberations being ten affirmatives and two negatives.

— It is reported that a company of amateurs are to perform "London Assurance" for the benefit of the Dramatic Fund, in February, at the Academy of Music, but we have no assurance that the report is true.

— The California papers rejoice because the year just closed has witnessed the "shipment of the first bale of home-raised silk; the raising of the first successful crop of cotton, and the first success in the manufacture of beet sugar" in that state.

— A man who lives at Bristol, near the Virginia border, when at home lately, "licked one of his friends across the state line into Tennessee," for which he was "arrested and fined in Goodson, Tenn., and on his return home was arrested and fined in Bristol."

— A Leavenworth M. D. describes "kleptomania" scientifically as an "irresistible desire to steal, not necessarily proceeding from defect of the brain, but from a deficient moral sentiment." There's but little distance from this to "Patria."

— Policemen are prohibited from receiving presents for services, unless the aforesaid services are both "meritorious and extraordinary," and the members of the force are more anxious than ever to perform "extraordinary" service.

— The eastern papers say the difference between last winter and this is that last winter there was plenty of water and no cold to freeze it, and now they have plenty of cold and no water to freeze.

— A negro woman, said to have been one hundred and twenty-one years, seven months and twenty-two days old, died a few days ago in Baltimore.

— The United States District Court, in Connecticut, has granted an order commanding the Boston, Hartford and Erie Railroad Company to show cause why it should not be declared bankrupt.

— One of our exchanges says:—"Penciled eyebrows, painted cheeks, court plaster lips and rude manners," are fashionable nowadays.

— It is said that at a late Mormon funeral twenty of the deceased's "widows locked arms, and, keeping military step, followed the remains to the silent tomb."

— There are several dressmaking establishments in this city where all the sewing and "fitting" is performed by men—but we guess the dresses are the bifurcated sort.

— The marine losses of the United States during 1870 amount to $17,500,000. During the month of October sixty-six vessels were reported "lost or missing."

— South Norwalk, Conn., has a man named Morehouse, 60 years of age, who walks seventeen miles in going to and from his work every day.

— One William Rowe was arrested a few days ago for beating his better half with a hoe—which is about the same thing as saying a man mustn't hoe his own Rowe.

— The Commissioner of Education reports that there are in the United States nearly three millions of adult persons—including 1,656,950 who were formerly slaves—who can neither read or write.

— During the War of the Rebellion Massachusetts furnished 141,911 soldiers—3,751 of whom were killed in battle, 9,092 died of wounds or disease, and 12,533 remain "unaccounted for."

— The double tailed horse, which has been so much wondered at—after short and, most likely unprofitable engagements at museums, etc., is now starting to draw a street car in San Francisco.

— Capt. Godwin caught 150 pickerel in Lake Womebachy, near Turner's, on the 5th of January, and the captain has been declared the champion fisher.

— It is announced that Offenbach has determined to "found a special theatre in Italy, for comic operas, etc.," and that he has secured the services of a Cimarosa for three years.

— A man was arrested a few days ago in Lynchburg for being "a little how came you so," and the magistrate discharged him because it was *too cold to keep him*.

— New Hampshire politics have taken a religious turn—the Baptists and Methodists have each nominated a candidate for Governor. Odds are offered on the Methodists' timing.

— A petition was lately presented to the Detroit city authorities, the closing sentence of which was:—"And your petitioners will ever pray—if praying will do any good."

— The Young Men's Christian Association of Washington have refused the use of their hall to John H. Surratt to repeat his lecture in.

— In consequence of the late low tides many of the oyster beds near New London have been laid bare, and large quantities of oysters have been frozen.

— A number of gentlemen have subscribed the amount necessary to furnish the Rev. Mr. Sabine an elaborate oil painting of the "little church around the corner."

— The Havana Lottery has yielded to the government a profit of $2,247,840, during the year just closed, $39,566 of which was from unclaimed premiums.

— Lilian Edgerton is called "The Pearl of the Platform," Olive Logan is known as "The Lily of the Lyceum," and Kate Field is styled "The Rose of the Rostrum."

— A young lady of Indiana lately "ruptured" a matrimonial engagement, because the "happy man" that was to be refused to sing psalm tunes.

— An affectionate mother bewails the loss of one of eight children, because "there was just enough for a cotillion, and they did dance so prettily."

— A southern lady says her son is a wonderful arithmetician:—"He's got as far as the multiplication table." It is possible she may have meant "multiplication" table.

— The supreme court of Kentucky has decided that a dog trespassing on a neighbor's premises "may be killed with impunity or other suitable means."

— A Sabbath school teacher lately asked his class:—"What was made to give light to the world?" "Matches," was the immediate response of the young scholar.

SKATING.

THE SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP.

As we go to press (Monday, 16th), Mr. Hervey, the official stakeholder of the American Skating Congress, has just received the following telegram, dated 13th, but not received by him till to-day, owing to a mistake of the operator in directing the message:—

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 13th, 1871.

R. G. HERVEY, Hoffman House, New York.—I hereby challenge Mr. Curtis to skate me a match for the Championship and Diamond Medal. He waives the $100. FRANK SWIFT.

Assuming then that Curtis has agreed to waive the putting up by Swift of the $100 (which he has a right to do), the challenge is *en regle*, and as no prior challenge was in the stakeholder's hands, Curtis must skate Swift within two weeks from the time he is notified by the stakeholder, which will be done at once. Mr. Hervey has not yet received any direct communication from Curtis on the subject, but we hope to be able to announce in our next issue that the preliminary arrangements have all been completed, and the time and place agreed upon. The Executive Committee of the American Skating Congress are about to issue notices for the annual general meeting, and only wait in hopes that the match between Curtis and Swift may be made and skated in this vicinity, in which case the date of the meeting of the Congress will be fixed for the same day as the match, in order that delegates to the Congress may at the same time see the contest for the championship.

SKATING ITEMS.—An amusing contest took place on Tuesday, Jan. 10th, at Brady's Jersey City Rink, between six blind men. At the word "go," Weir started ahead, and reached the first stake without throwing it down, closely followed by his adversaries, who battled with the doors and beaches of the rink in fine style, amid roars of laughter. Weir came in winner, leaving the other contestants struggling in a ridiculous manner to reach the goal. The prize was a silver pitcher. The day following a backward race for boys took place.....At the Brooklyn Rink a special reception was given the members of the New York Skating Club on Jan. 11th by President Norris, of the Rink Association. The visiting party included the following ladies and gentlemen of the club:—Miss May Edwards, Miss Hattie Smith, Miss Louisa Jolly, Mrs. Dupignac, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Jolly, Mrs. Many, A. J. Dupignac, John Creighton, R. Edwards, E. Miller, W. H. Cheeseman, C. Walker, E. B. Cook (the Professor), Sidney Stuart, Mr. Many, J. S. Hiscox, Robert Edwards, Jr., L. Norton, P. Smith, H. Mecklein, J. Thomson and Mr. Martin. Amongst the members of the Brooklyn Club present were those noted experts, E. Brady and H. Dollard, together with Messrs. Wood, T. Dollard and C. Brady. The several movements of the New York Club programme were finely executed by the leading members, among whom Professor E. B. Cook shone out as a star of the first magnitude, some of his specialties being surprising efforts. The prettiest picture presented, however, was when Mr. Cheeseman and Miss May Edwards skated together. This beautiful girl is the most graceful skater in the outside edge-roll we have ever seen, and in the more difficult feats she also excels. Master Edwards also elicited applause for his skill. The combined efforts of Messrs. Brady and H. Dollard were especially noteworthy for grace and skillful execution.....There was a grand carnival at the Empire Rink on Jan. 11th, which was quite a success. Since Thursday, however, there has been no skating at the rinks or anywhere else in this vicinity.....Skating was it, full blast at the commencement of last week in Cincinnati, but the weather thawed rapidly, and at the close of the week it was warm enough for April.....The much talked of carnival of the Jersey City Skating Club will come off on the re-appearance of Jack Frost.....A new skating club is in progress of organization in Boston. The sport at the Boston Rink has been excellent during the cold weather. George Wright has been one of the stars; also Carrie Moore. Messrs. Ryan, McNiel, Rickmall, and other noted experts, have been flourishing on the ice at the Rink, too. A masquerade carnival is to take place shortly there.....The Keystone Club, of Pittsburgh, will send a delegate to the Congress.

SKATING ACCIDENT.—SWIMMING TWENTY YARDS UNDER THE ICE.—We are called upon to record, says the Leavenworth (Kansas) *Republican*, of the 8th inst., one of the most marvelous preservations recorded in the annals of modern history. The skaters were merry at the bridge on Monday night, as were they in almost every other locality unvisited by calamity, and skillful skaters glided over the glassy surface, cutting names, initials and hieroglyphics with their engraving tools. The more nimble and skillful played ball and cavorted around the clumsy amateurs, who, with half cracked skulls, blew their fingers and gazed at the experts. All at once an exclamation of horror transfixed every gazer. Amid the cracking and breaking of the ice one was observed struggling for a hold on the slippery edges of the ice, which broke off in large pieces. His benumbed fingers loosened their grasp, and the unfortunate skater was carried by the murderous current out of sight, under the cold and glassy ice. Being an expert swimmer and possessed of great presence of mind, he struck out vigorously after the manner of a diver. The fishes gazed at him with their green eyes, and nibbled his clothes as he swam through the frigid current, and he, too, imagined that grim death was gazing at him, but he struggled manfully on, nor heeded the meddlesome cat-fish which swam along beside him, as though they would question him concerning his severance with the affairs of the land. He is almost exhausted, and he lets down and his feet strike the bottom. He has reached a shoal. Pressing his head vigorously against the yielding ice, with his feet braced below, a cracking is heard and he gazes along the surface of the ice. To come through lightly was but a moment's work, and bidding his friends—the fishes—good bye, he is conveyed to a fire to dry and warm, having swam over twenty yards under the water.

THE SKATING DAYS AT CENTRAL PARK.—The following is the number of skating days had at the Central Park from the winter the Park ponds were opened up to the close of the winter of 1870:—

	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Total.
1858-59	3 days	9 days	6 days	2 days	19 days.
1859-60	8 days	15 days	0 days	0 days	23 days.
1860-61	4 days	15 days	8 days	0 days	27 days.
1861-62	5 days	17 days	23 days	7 days	50 days.
1862-63	1 day	1 day	4 days	0 days	6 days.
1863-64	6 days	14 days	4 days	0 days	24 days.
1864-65	6 days	26 days	18 days	0 days	50 days.
1865-66	0 days	19 days	9 days	0 days	28 days.
1866-67	11 days	26 days	2 days	0 days	39 days.
1867-68	9 days	22 days	26 days	4 days	61 days.
1868-69	14 days	18 days	6 days	0 days	38 days.
1869-70	0 days	0 days	0 days	0 days	0 days.
Totals	64 days	180 days	121 days	13 days	378 days.

This year skating at the Park began Dec. 26th, and has continued ever since with but two or three days intermission. Mr. E. B. Cook, of the New York Skating Club, has, however, enjoyed skating as follows:—

	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Total.
1861-62	0 days	10 days	18 days	24 days	7 days	59 days.
1862-63	0 days	14 days	16 days	20 days	13 days	63 days.
1863-64	0 days	16 days	28 days	17 days	0 days	61 days.
1864-65	3 days	15 days	29 days	22 days	9 days	77 days.
1865-66	0 days	9 days	27 days	20 days	15 days	71 days.
1866-67	0 days	19 days	2? days	12 days	8 days	68 days.
1867-68	3 days	24 days	27 days	28 days	11 days	93 days.
1868-69	0 days	26 days	21 days	20 days	18 days	94 days.
1869-70	1 day	16 days	8 days	19 days	26 days	70 days.
Averaging	0 days	16 days	23 days	20 days	11 days	75 days.

The earliest skating in the city during the past decade was on Nov. 19th, 1867, and the latest March 28th, 1866.

AQUATIC.

THE QUINSIGAMOND THREE MILE COURSE.

Another survey of the Lake Quinsigamond course has been made lately, the result proving that the course surveyed by the regatta committee in 1868 was correct—full three miles. In races which have taken place there within a year or two, however, the buoys have not been properly placed, thereby considerably shortening the distance. We have received the following anent the matter from a prominent citizen of Worcester, and a strong advocate of rowing sport, at whose instance the survey was made:—

WORCESTER, MASS., Jan. 14th, 1871.

FRANK QUEEN.—SIR.—In order that the CLIPPER, as well as other parties interested, may be satisfied in regard to the length of the three mile course at Lake Quinsigamond, I have taken the trouble to procure a reliable surveyor and had the course measured, foot for foot. This was done Thursday afternoon, Jan. 12th, on the ice, in the presence of Stedman Clark, stroke oar of the Bay State crew, and the Woodcock Brothers, of the Union crew. The course surveyed was the same as measured by the Regatta committee in the spring of 1868, and the one always used previous to 1869. To cover three miles it is necessary to go around the "point," so called, on the east side of the lake, and keep in a straight line until you reach the point, or line, between two large stone posts erected on either side of the lake by the Regatta committee. This gives a full three mile course, with plenty of room for two or three boats to turn. The stake-boat was always placed at this point previous to 1869, so that the Ward Brothers' time may be taken as correct. But in 1869 interested parties thought to have a course so that the judges and referee could see the turn made, and they placed the buoy out nearer the western shore, thereby reducing the distance four or fifty feet one way, amounting to eighty or a hundred in the full three miles. In 1870 the buoy was placed still further out, and the course made shorter again. If any one doubts this statement they have only to measure the course for themselves and they will be satisfied. I inclose a certificate from Messrs. Buttrick and Wheeler, who did the surveying, and who stand ready to make oath to the correctness of the measurement. In future I hope those interested in having a fair, square race, to see to it that the stakeboat is properly placed, and as Mr. Wheeler made a plan of the grounds, he is able to place a stake-boat just on the mark every time. The whole course is a long one, but marks were placed by which a true course will hereafter be rowed. Yours respectfully,

FREEMAN BROWN.

ATALANTA BOAT CLUB.—The twenty-third annual meeting of the Atalanta Club, the oldest rowing club in existence in America, was held at the boat house, foot of Christopher street, N. R., on Tuesday evening, Jan. 10th, and the occasion brought together about fifty members. After the reading of the annual reports, which show that the organization is in a very flourishing state, the usual election was held, at which the following officers were unanimously chosen:—President, Ransom Parker, Jr.; Vice-President, Wm. H. Webster; Secretary, James W. Edwards; Treasurer, John King; Financial Secretary, Wm. O. Mainland; Captain, Russel Withers, M. D.; Lieutenant, Leander Waterbury; Board of Trustees, W. H. Webster, George F. Russelle, Seth H. Noyes, J. King and L. Waterbury; Committee on Repairs, George T. Ackerson, James Watson and M. B. Cox. It is the intention of the club to use every effort to form a crew which will be fully competent to maintain the prestige of the Atalantas, and with good prospect of success. At the conclusion of the business meeting Vice-President Webster gave as a toast the health of the oldest member of the club now doing duty, Mr. Chas. A. Peverelly, one of the founders of the club and its second presiding officer, who was present. "Charley" responded, giving a retrospect of the club's history from the day of formation, his remarks being listened to with attention and cheered at the close. A fine collation served as a fitting *finale* to the meeting.

THE PAIR OARED MATCH IN ENGLAND.—Regarding the great match between Renforth and Kelley, on one side, and Taylor and Winship on the other, for £200 a side, which was fixed for decision on the 16th inst., *Bell's Life* of Dec. 31st, contains the following:—

Renforth is slowly recovering from the troublesome boil which has affected him since last Thursday, but he and Kelley will experience some difficulty and danger in practicing on the Tyne between the High Level Bridge and Scotswood, owing to the huge blocks of ice with which the river is crowded. Taylor and Winship have already left Scotswood and gone to Jarrow, which, being within two or three miles of the sea, is remarkably free from ice, and upon that part of the Tyne they have done their work for the last few days, but not without considerable interruptions from passenger steamers and tug-boats, which are continually passing and re-passing at that part of the river. Betting on the result of the match up to the present has been of a very limited character in Newcastle, but of that little done Renforth and Kelley have slightly the call.

A BANQUET was given to Mr. Ashbury by the inhabitants of Brighton, Eng., in the dome of the Royal Pavilion, on Jan. 5th, in honor of the Cambria's victory over the Dauntless. The members of the Brighton Rowing Club also entertained him at dinner on Jan. 10th.

THE WOODCOCK BROS., of Worcester, Mass., have purchased a four-oared shell, and will re-organize the "Union" crew in the spring. They will give more attention to rowing next season than formerly and will enter for nearly all the regattas in that section of the country.

J. J. O'LEARY, the Worcester oarsman, is keeping himself in good condition this winter, preparatory to a match with P. Harrington, of Springfield, Mass., early in the spring.

BASE BALL.

THE ATLANTIC CLUB FOR 1871.—Last month the fraternity of Brooklyn were considerably exercised over a rumor which was circulated, to the effect that the Atlantic Club was to be superseded by a new organization, to be known as the Brooklyn Club. The new club was to be built up on a capital of $20,000, and all the political "big guns" of the City of Churches were to have control of the new enterprise. The rumor had not long been given publicity before the local democratic organ launched out against the excessive tax burdens, and called for prompt reform. The pressure was too great to be avoided, and consequently, all the snug, sinecure places in the city government which had been "slated" for the new nine, had to be given up, and as the "liberal patrons of the game," who were so ready to dip their hands in the public purse for base (ball) purposes, were loth to use their own funds for any such object, of course the new club fell through. Then it was that the friends of the Atlantic Club rallied around the old flag once more, and attending the annual meeting in force, they elected a new set of officers, with some energetic men amongst them, and once more the old Atlantic Club, which was reported as "gone up," "disbanded," and we know not what, was placed upon its feet again, and the coming season of 1871 will no doubt see the club once more taking the field and battling with the strongest for victory. At the annual meeting, held Jan. 10th, the following list of officers were chosen:—President, James Buckley; Vice President, Edward N. Stafford; Recording Secretary, Samuel F. Davenport; Corresponding Secretary, Benjamin Van Delft; Financial Secretary, Thomas McGunigle; Treasurer, E. L. Clapp. Directors—John C. Chapman, Robert Hoskins, A. R. Samuells. Committee on Nine—Thomas Tassie, Hugh Campbell, M. H. Flynn. Auditing Committee—Charles N. Peed, Jr., John T. Moore, M. H. Flynn. Reception Committee—John C. Chapman, Robert Hoskins, A. R. Samuells. It will be seen by the above that though the old nine will not again play together, the club will again exist as of old in all its force.

THE ATHLETIC CLUB.—On Jan. 9th the Athletic Club of Philadelphia held their annual meeting and elected the following efficient *corps* of officers:—President, James N. Kerns, unanimously re-elected; Vice-Presidents, J. F. Smith, Wm. Warnock, S. Flanagan, John L. Rogers; Recording Secretary, Richard W. Benson, unanimously re-elected; Corresponding Secretary, James L. Hamill; Treasurer, Theodore M. Reger; Scorer, Alfred H. Wright; Directors, John Dickson, McBride and Wm. A. Porter. The date of the annual meeting was changed to the second Monday of November.

BREVITIES.—The Mutuals are negotiating for the services of Jim White, of Cleveland, and Andy Leonard, of the Olympics.....Ferguson was in Philadelphia last week. Fergy was offered $3,000 to go to Chicago, but the offer came too late.....Martin and Swandell will be retained in the Mutual eleven. That energetic member of the Mutuals, Jim McConnell, is one of the new officials of the club.....Harry Shaffer, late of the Athletics, is to play third base for Harry Wright's Boston nine. Harry arrived in Boston with his family January 12th, and was received by a number of his eastern friends.....Mr. Adams is one of the energetic managers of the new Boston nine.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.—A correspondent writing from Washington makes the following excellent suggestion to professional clubs:—"That each club send to your paper for publication a list of its members who have signed papers to play in their nine for the year 1871, as it would be a public notice to the managers and organizers of nines that such persons are not open to engagement and must not be tempted by higher salaries, etc."

PEDESTRIANISM.

McETTRICK'S WALKING FEAT.

In last week's issue was published a brief announcement of the result of the attempt by M. J. McEttrick, of Boston, to walk 104 hours without rest, being allowed but 30 minutes in 24 hours for bathing, etc. The task was commenced on Jan. 3d, and at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the 7th, when he had accomplished 97¼ hours, he was overcome by exhaustion and fell to the floor insensible. About noon he began to feel bad about the head, the want of sleep producing a nervous prostration and a condition bordering on if not realizing lunacy. This was manifest in the rambling and incoherent manner of his conversation, though, with the assistance of his attendants, he kept on his feet till 4 o'clock. At that time, as he reached the end of his little track, he turned *sic* back to the wall and refused to go on, and upon being urged to make another effort he fell to the floor as insensible and apparently as lifeless as though he had been shot through the heart. Dr. H. M. Perkins, of Hingham, who was in the hall at the time, immediately tendered his services, and one or two other physicians were sent for, who succeeded in restoring partial consciousness after half an hour's rubbing and bathing. For ten or fifteen minutes his pulse ranged from fifteen to twenty-five per minute, but gradually rose to seventy-five. He was then placed in a chair near the stove, and a carriage was sent for to convey him home, but, while waiting for it to arrive, he rallied from his lethargy and insisted upon resuming his journey which had then been suspended an hour and a half, though he was entitled to fifteen minutes of that time, not having taken but fifteen of the thirty minutes allowed him for the twenty-four hours previous. He then went again upon the track and continued to face the floor, making up the balance of 104 hours, which was done before 12 o'clock. When he had concluded he was taken into an ante-room, where his swollen ankles and blistered feet were bathed and dressed and he was finally taken home in a carriage. From the time of resuming his walk till the close his head was in a much better condition, though he suffered greatly from the pains in his back, legs and feet. He attributes his fainting to a dizziness caused by wearing a tightly fitting cap, which was drawn down over his eyes to protect them, causing him to look upon the floor during the entire day. A large crowd was in attendance during the evening and McEttrick was loudly cheered as he wound up his task.

The judges have made affidavit before Justice Williams, Clerk of the Municipal Court for the Southern District of Boston, that he began walking at 2:45 P. M., on the 3d inst., and continued walking without cessation (except during the 30 minutes in each 24 hours allowed for bathing, etc.,) up to 4 o'clock, P. M., on the 7th, having then fifteen minutes to spare of the time allotted for the task, covering an aggregate space of 97¼ hours. Their names are F. E. Sweeney, W. H. Harrison, E. F. Dunlap, F. Blake, A. Buchanan, S. Chapman and C. A. Vose.

FOUR MILE RACE.—A match for £25 a side, distance four miles, was decided at the New Grounds, Canterbury, Eng., on Dec. 26th, the competitors being those English cracks, W. Mills and E. Golder. At the time appointed both men made their appearance in a heavy snow storm. No time was lost in giving the signal, and they dashed away to an excellent start. As they went down the back stretch and along the river side they were hardly visible, owing to the thick flakes of snow. At the completion of the first lap Golder led by two yards, and no change occurred during the first mile, run in 5 min. 4secs. During the next three laps Mills still held second place, but upon entering the seventh lap he went past Golder at a tremendous pace, and as they passed the referee he was 40 yards ahead. Golder, seeing his chance extinguished, wisely retired from the contest, leaving Mills to finish at his leisure, but being told that he was not required to go any further, Billy very gladly left the course. J. Wilkinson was starter, and G. F. Finn, referee.

A FRAUDULENT LEAPER.—A so-called amateur jumper, but evidently long past his amateurship by the name of Ryan, was backed for $100 to jump within two inches of Searle's longest, 13ft. 5¾in., at Sutton's, in Morrisania, N. Y., on the 9th inst. Of course the announcement drew quite a curious crowd "to see the cuss remove" his outer garments for such an athletic feat, but said crowd were doomed to disappointment, for said amateur didn't make the attempt, at least in the proper manner, but mounted himself on a woodshed of 15 feet in altitude, and then took his leap, as he supposed, for his soap, claiming that he had fulfilled the conditions of the bet; to which exception was very properly taken, however, and, after a war of words, the centenarian greenbacks were mutually withdrawn. It would have served said amateur right, however, had the referee insisted on his attempting the jump after the manner of Searle, as the terms of the bet implied. The chagrin of the curious crowd was very manifest at being the victims of such a sell.

THE SUM OF $1,455.92 was realized from the recent walk between James Kennovan and John S. Maxwell, from San Francisco to San Jose, Cal., and return, which amount was given to the orphans of the Protestant and Catholic asylums in the former place.

THE TURF.

TROTTING AT NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Despite the cold weather that prevailed in the Crescent City on the 3d, 4th and 5th inst., the lovers of horseflesh in that city indulged in several fine trots on the Fair Ground Course, which were closely contested and furnished much amusement to those in attendance, summaries of which we here append:—

JANUARY 3, 1871.—FIRST RACE.—For double teams; purse $300; $150 to first, $50 to second; mile heats, best 3 in 3.

R. Johnson entered Mollie and Vick	2	1
J. Shawhan entered J. Foley and George	1	2dis

Time, 3:01; 2:49½; 2:50.

SECOND RACE.—Free for all trotting horses; mile heats, 3 in 5, to harness; purse $600; $350 to first, $100 to second, $50 to third.

T. P. Roche entered ch h John Morrisey	2	1	1
A. Lewis entered b m Clara	1	3	3
J. Jennings entered b h Anthony Wayne	3	2	2

Time, 2:40¾; 2:37¾; 2:36¾; 2:37¾.

JANUARY 4, 1871.—FIRST RACE.—For gentlemen's road horses; purse $300, mile heats, best 3 in 5.

T. F. Roach entered Genet	2	1	1
J. Shawhan entered J. Foley	1	2	2
Mr. Hodge entered Mollie Brooks	3	3	3

Time, 2:43¾; 2:42¾; 2:43¾; 2:41¾.

SECOND RACE.—Open to all pacers except Voorhies; mile heats, best 2 in 3, purse $100.

J. Shawhan entered Strawberry	1	2	1
Smith & Brown entered Bill Hodge	3	1	2
T. P. Roach entered Nick Whiffle	2	dis.	

Time, 2:40¾; 2:36¾; 2:34.

JANUARY 5, 1871.—FIRST RACE.—Purse $100; $75 to first, $25 to second nearest three minutes.

T. Boyle entered b g Dart	1	1	
R. Johnson entered b m, no name	2	1	
F. Marsalis entered b m Washington	1	2	
W. Leonard entered b m, no name	0		
T. P. Roach entered g m Genet	0		
S. Gennings entered b h Boston	0		
Mr. Francis entered g m Sicilia	0		
Mr. Benedict entered b m Brooks	0		
Wm. Hodges entered b h Wayne	dr.		
Jas. Ryan entered b m, no name	dr.		

Time, 2:50¾; 2:38¾.

SECOND RACE.—Purse $600; two miles and repeat.

T. P. Roach entered John Morrissey	1	1
A. Lewis entered Clara	2	2

Time, 5:23¾; 5:21¾.

AMUSEMENTS.

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AT THE GLOBE THEATRE, 728 BROADWAY.
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ENGLISH OPERA COMBINATION
Have played in every Theatre from New York to Savannah.
Managers desiring to play this party on shares will write to
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BOB SMITH, THE CLOWN AND COMIC SINGER,
is open for an engagement the coming season.
42-1t* Address No. 147 Grand street, New York.

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for JULIE KEWS, Clown and Comic Vocalist, recently arrived from California, must be addressed until further advices, in care of
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Corner of Twenty-third street and Eighth avenue.
WEDNESDAY, JAN. 18, AND EVERY EVENING UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE,
Offenbach's favorite opera,
LA PERICHOLE.
LA PERICHOLE.
MLLE. AIMEE MLLE. AIMEE
AS LA PERICHOLE.
M. GAUSINS AS PIQUILLO.
M. DUCHESNE AS DON ANDRES.
NEW SCENERY,
NEW COSTUMES,
ALL THE ORIGINAL MUSIC,
NEW APPOINTMENTS.
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BUTLER & GILMORE.....Managers.
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A SPLENDID BILL THIS WEEK.
Engagement of those Intrepid Gymnasts,
MLLE. BLANCHE AND GEROE LEOPOLD.
THE FAMOUS LAURI TROUPE,
EIGHT IN NUMBER.
In their highly successful Pantomime of
THE FIRE FIEND. THE FIRE FIEND.
HUGHEY DOUGHERTY,
ASHCROFT AND MORTON,
STEWART, ARLINGTON, COES, RATTLER, WAMBOLD,
MISS LAFORD, MISS VERNON, MISS HARDY.
THE SPLENDID BALLET TROUPE,
Composed of the best Dancers in the Profession,
IN THE GRAND BALLET OF CRYSTALINE.
Burlesque Specialties and Ethiopian Eccentricities.
Matinee Wednesday and Saturday Afternoon at 2½ o'clock. 42-1t

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Lessee and Manager.....JAMES E. HAYES.
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SIXTEENTH WEEK
OF
G. L. FOX'S
POPULAR PANTOMIME,
WEE
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WINKIE.
THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS
HAVE FULLY AUTHENTICATED
THE IRRESISTIBLE FROLICS OF
GEORGE L. FOX.
THE PARAGON OF FUN,
THE GRIMALDI OF THE AGE,
THE MOST PERFECT HARLEQUINADE
AND GROTESQUE TRANSFORMATIONS.
MATINEES EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AT 2, for which Orchestra Chairs (secured) $1. 42-1t*

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ENTIRE CHANGE OF BILL.
Re-engagement with MR. EDWIN BLANCHARD,
for six nights only, with his Dog Carlo.
THREE IMMENSE DRAMAS.
Drama of SATAN; OR, THE BLIND GIRL OF PARIS. | Drama of FELON'S DOOM; OR, THE DOG OF THE MOUNTAINS.
THE ROBBERS OF THE HEATH.
Friday Evening—Farewell Benefit of Mr. Edwin Blanchard. On Monday evening, Jan. 23, will be presented the new and Gorgeous Pantomime, entitled SEE SAW! which will be presented in a complete and elaborate style, replete with its new and Superb Tricks, Transformations and Mechanical Wonders. In order to give full effect to this production an engagement has been made with the celebrated HERNANDEZ FOSTER TROUPE of PANTOMIMISTS! whose success in the many cities of the Union has been one continued triumph. GRAND PANTOMIME MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, COMMENCING JAN. 28.

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UNPARALLELED SUCCESS
OF THE
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DENSELY CROWDED AUDIENCES
NIGHTLY ATTEND THE
UNAPPROACHABLE SPLENDOR
OF THE
GREAT SPECTACLE.
EVERY EVENING AND SATURDAY MATINEE
Will be presented CHARLES BARRAS'S
CELEBRATED DRAMA OF
THE BLACK CROOK
With entire NEW SCENERY, COSTUMES and MUSIC, and the LARGEST GRAND BALLET CORPS That ever appeared in America.
ON MONDAY EVENING NEXT, JAN. 23,
SEVERAL NEW AND BRILLIANT FEATURES
Will be introduced in addition to the
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NEW YORK CIRCUS.
Fourteenth street, opposite Academy of Music.
L. B. LENT.....Director.
CINDERELLA
Will be presented, together with
THE ENTIRE CIRCUS TROUPE, AT THE
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FOR FAMILIES AND JUVENILES.
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ALL THE GREAT ARTISTS.
ALL THE POPULAR FEATURES.
THE SOMERSAULT TRUCKS.
SENSATIONAL BAREBACK HORSEMANSHIP.
SUPERIOR STOCK OF TRAINED HORSES, ETC.
N. B.—The Fairy Spectacle of CINDERELLA will be given at the
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WALLACK'S.
MONDAY, JANUARY 16,
first appearance of
MR. LESTER WALLACK,
on which occasion will be presented TWO COMEDIES, for the FIRST TIME IN FIVE YEARS, with new scenery and new and ELEGANT COSTUMES.
Planche's comedy,
FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY.
TUESDAY, } FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR
WEDNESDAY, } and USED UP. LADY,
THURSDAY, } with new scenery and costumes,
FRIDAY, } OURS.
SATURDAY NIGHT (by desire),
THE HEIR AT LAW.
THE GREAT HOLLAND TESTIMONIAL.
A MATINEE AT WALLACK'S, THURSDAY, JAN. 19,
AN ATTRACTIVE BILL. 42-1t

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OPERA HOUSE.
UNPARALLELED ATTRACTIONS THIS WEEK.
A new local Musical, Historical, Comical, Sensical
JACK SHEPPARD JACK SHEPPARD
BURLESQUE. BURLESQUE.
In which the celebrated Burlesque Actress and Vocalist,
MISS MARTHA WREN,
Will appear as JACK SHEPPARD, and the popular actor,
MR. JAMES COLLINS, as BLUESKIN.
First appearance, also, of the Champion Jig Danseuse,
MISS KITTIE O'NEIL.
First appearance of the favorite Character Vocalist,
MISS IONA LANG.
TONY PASTOR'S NEW SENSATION,
THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER.
GRAND MATINEES, WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. 42-1t

GLOBE THEATRE.
728 BROADWAY.
Great success of the New Local Drama,
NEW YORK AS IT WAS AND IS;
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THE SKATING POND BY MOONLIGHT.
FIVE NEW STARS.
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ALL THE OLD FAVORITES RETAINED.
Marked success of the New Local Drama,
NEW YORK AS IT WAS AND IS;
OR,
THE SKATING POND BY MOONLIGHT.
JOSH HART AS MOSE.
MISS BESSIE SUTDLOW AS LIZE.
MATINEE WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
NOTICE:
MONDAY NEXT, JANUARY 23D, the wonderful WALHALLA AND BIOPLASTIC TROUPE appear. 42-1t

LINA EDWIN'S THEATRE.
EVERY EVENING AT 8.
SATURDAY MATINEE AT 2.
First appearance at this theatre of the celebrated comedian,
MR. FRANK DREW,
who will appear in the splendid burlesque of
MAZEPPA,
MAZEPPA,
MAZEPPA,
and the glorious comedy entitled
HIS LAST LEGS.
HIS LAST LEGS.
O'CALLAGHAN, with the song of Widow Macree,
MR. FRANK DREW.
MR. FRANK DREW.
Mr. Leffingwell, Welch Edwards, Thomas Whiffin, Fred Maraden, Harry Josephs, Miss Belle Howitt, Miss Ellen Lewis, Miss Aggie Wood, Miss Blanche Galton, and the the entire company in both pieces, with first-class chorus and corps de ballet, and Mr. Wilbur's superb orchestra.

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EVERY EVENING AND SATURDAY MATINEE.
IMMENSE SUCCESS OF THE LAST GREAT SENSATION.
Last week but two of the brilliant engagement of
THE LYDIA THOMPSON TROUPE.
MONDAY, JANUARY 16, 1871, production of a grand spectacular burlesque extravaganza, in two acts, specially written for the troupe, and entitled
ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON;
Or, THE SEVEN CHAMPIONS OF CHRISTENDOM.
Supported by MISS LYDIA THOMPSON and a most powerful and complete burlesque organization. Beautiful new Scenery, Charming Music, Elegant Dresses, Novel Effects, Startling Situations.
SEATS CAN BE SECURED TWO WEEKS IN ADVANCE.
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Billy Birch,	The Burlesque	Billy West,
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W. Bernard,	Les Brigands.	Rollin Howard,
Charley Backus,	Carbineers	J. F. Oberest,
Billy Emmett,	March on to Rash.	W. Dwyer,
G. W. Rockefeller,	Duel on Horse-	C. Tennyson,
C. F. Shattuck,	back.	C. Lavalee,
H. Marshall,	Real Fun.	A. Smith,
J. Jueb.	DELIGHTFUL PART SINGING.	P. Adams.

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Seats secured six days in advance. 42-1t*

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PALACE OF MINSTRELSY,
23d STREET. 23d STREET. 23d STREET.
CROWDED NIGHTLY. | CONTINUED SUCCESS OF
THE BLACK BRIGANDS. | CLODOCHE CAN-CAN.
THE BLACK BRIGANDS. | CLODOCHE CAN-CAN.
MR. J. W. McANDREWS.
The Great Ethiopian Delineator, as "OLD UNCLE PETE."
NELSE SEYMOUR, DAVE REED, TOMMY SULLY, LITTLE MAC. Matinee every Saturday at 2. 42-1t*

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JUNCTION OF FULTON AND FLATBUSH AVENUES.
EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTION.
First Week of the Juvenile Phenomena
MASTER HARRY JANVIER,
The Musical Wonder, Only Six Years of Age.
19TH WEEK OF
WELCH, HUGHES AND WHITE'S
BROOKLYN MINSTRELS.
"CARRY THE NEWS TO MARY,"
WILLIS COBB AND HIS TROUPE OF
DOGS, GOATS AND MONKEYS.
First Week of the colored Ballet, entitled
THE BLACK STATUE.
THE ENTIRE STAR TROUPE IN THEIR SPECIALTIES.

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TO CIRCUS OR MENAGERIE PROPRIETORS.
D. DRIESBACH can be engaged as Leader of Brass Band and Orchestra for the coming season. He is well up in the business, and has a splendid juvenile band of eight members, that can be engaged with him. Ages between 7 and 12 years; they have had FOUR YEARS' MUSICAL EXPERIENCE, and are all well up in the business, brass or orchestra. Address D. DRIESBACH,
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DULY AUTHORIZED LONDON AGENTS,
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SPECIAL NOTICE.
Owing to the rapid increase of business and my present offices being altogether too small to accommodate my patrons, I have been compelled to secure larger premises and have taken a five years' lease of the premises 718 and 720 Broadway, being the entire portion of the building in front of Lina Edwin's Theatre. There are four floors, with large, wide, deep, airy and well lighted rooms, which I am at present fitting up in a truly magnificent manner, regardless of expense and every way adapted to the wants of managers and the profession. The most extensive preparations will be made and many long needed wants in a Dramatic Agency will be introduced. I shall open this MAMMOTH DRAMATIC AGENCY as quick as the artisans get it prepared. Full particulars shortly.
42-1t Col. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

CHAS H. DAY,
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WE HAVE STRUCK ILE.
HOW

SIR HUGH DE GUY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Sir Hugh de Guy, in the days of old,
Was a gelliant knight so brave and bold;
He lived in a castle grand and grav,
And, tacrefore, had very large bills to pay.

When he got short he would mount his horse,
Take his armor, and lance, and his shield, of course,
And sally forth from his ancient abode—
In point of fact, he would take to the road.

And when he benighted travelers met
His lance at a poise he would firmly set—
At the scared individuals make a dash—
And crying, "Death—have at ye!" demand their cash.

And if these wayfarers ever demurred
Sir Hugh he'd say not another word,
But into their bodies he'd punch a hole—
A summary proceeding, upon my soul!

It was then very easy for him, indeed,
The defunct's baggage and pockets to weed:
Of course such pecadilloes were right,
For wasn't Sir Hugh de Guy a knight

At other times he, with a lot of sports
That used to wear tinsel and hang round the courts,
To replenish their purses a frequent raid
On adjacent hamlets and villages made.

And burned up the residents in their beds,
Or pulled their cottages down round their heads,
And, kicking up most tremendous rows,
Would drive off their oxen and pigs and cows.

And then, in Sir Hugh's baronial hall,
They'd build up a fire, fierce and tall,
And while they enjoyed their sirloin roast
They'd drink to the health of their worthy host.

This is the little difference, you see:—
Sir Hugh lived in the days of chivalry;
Had he lived in ours it's my firm belief
We would call him—instead of a knight—a thief!

J. H. B.

RUN TO WATER.

A Legend of the London Stage.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY OSCAR BRUCE.

Iago has degenerated, his moustache and eyebrows have lost their mephistophelean twist, and in sooth the gentleman has grown æsthetically blonde, and almost a commonplace society man, who halves our sympathies with his neighbor Othello, after the sweets of whose Desdemona the latest edition incautiously blubbered. Surely society has become vicious, or villainy ethereal, for the old time black beetle of sin has been scotched from place to place until we only find him in by-ways, where he still charms the blunter portion of the multitude with his coarse-grained wickedness.

The "Old Bowery" and the "Vic" are his twin homesteads in either hemisphere, and probably from these abodes of Thespis will the sable-wigged, clouted browed ruffian fall flat on his back and give his last convulsive gasp.

There are not a few in London to-day who will remember Willie Eaton, who earned a reputation in his time on the boards of the old "King Street" theatre as a personator of that strata who do sin out of "pure cussedness." At the moment he swaggered on the stage, critical Olympus gave a shriek of welcome, and while for the rest of the evening he dissipated in murder, arson, piracy, abduction, and heaven knows not what other socially evil luxuries, he was the recipient of their virtuous revilings and hisses. At one time, if you had met the rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed, brown-haired man in the street, you would have said surely such a round, jolly face cannot come from deeds of villainy, yet, such indeed, was the case.

Years ago Willie stepped down from a second-class railway carriage into England's metropolis, and shook the dust of "bonny Perthshire" from his thick "shoon." With one hand he led a girl of some ten years of age, whilst upon his other arm leaned his sickly wife, whom two seasons of pinching thrift had thinned to emaciation. Homesick and sad, they found what might be called a lodging on Saffron Hill, while Willie turned to the street to seek a situation from an old friend and neighbor who had been successful in such a little world of London.

Donald MacLane had more than once taken share in Willie's crust and stoup of milk, and on one occasion, when he laid almost dead with fever, Eaton had parted with his last copper for medicine for his sick comrade. But mammon is a poor refiner of the better sensibilities, and MacLane had worshiped long enough at her shrine to forget any obligations he had incurred at a home; and, to tell the truth, more pennies a little ashamed at Eaton's rusty plaid and bonnet, which, however picturesque they might have been in "Scotia's garden valley," were sadly out of place in a publisher's office in Cheapside.

"I can do nothing for you," said MacLane, coldly; "my business requires no further aid at present, and money is too precious to let it slip uselessly through my fingers."

Eaton was wonderstruck. He knew that MacLane was a wretch, as he could ever wish to be, but he had never minded if he had found him in poverty, for he had always a man's strength, and would have willingly toiled for both if need be. But the cruel harshness of this ingratitude gave his big heart an awful pang, and, for a moment he stood without a word.

"God forgie ye, Dandie," he exclaimed at last, moving his hand across his eyes. "I neer thacht eet wad coom to this," and left the place.

Alone in the modern Babylon, Eaton day after day turned his face in the street to look for the labor that was not to be found. In the dreary two months of disappointment and homesickness, the sickly wife, pining for Perthshire's sweet air, laid herself down and faintly gave up her spirit to its maker. Poor Eaton and the child followed her with broken hearts to her last resting place. With a gloom on his spirit that he had never felt before, he returned to his home, now silent and desolate of the light that had encouraged him to exertion and given him the strength that never failed him until now. Late autumn found him still without employment, and one dreary day the little green grocer, who was Willie's landlord, called to earn for his rent.

"For God's sake don't turn me and the bairn in the street," said the broken spirited man, while the tears streamed down his thin cheeks.

"This hint for a few bob vich you h'owes me," said the soft-hearted little cockney, whose eyes were unaccountably moist—"ow do I know ow me and me h'old woman may be placed h'ourselves some day. Hif yer wait till I turns yer 'eut, yer'l halways ave a shelter h'over yer 'ead."

Eaton would, on these sad nights of destitution and want, take the child, faint and sick with hunger, and plaintively sing her to sleep in his arms. More than once he had an audience he knew not of outside his door, and as his heart went forth in those melodious dreams of bonny Scotia the tears would fill their eyes, for they knew the gentle nature of the man, and loved the pitiful, sweet child, and pitied their sorrows with that pity that, only those who have suffered can feel.

"Now I take it quite hodd, h'dye know," said the little green grocer to Eaton, one morning, "that any one with your vocal powers should be so wery bad hoff. I say, there's Chubleigh's public, were they'd give you eighteen bob a week, just to 'ear you helevate your voice."

Poor Willie, who had been feared within the strictest bands of the blue presbytery, would have shrank at one time from selling his song for money, to say nothing of a religious dislike to exhibitions and prayer folk. But poverty is the worst enemy of creed, and before a day or two had passed over his head he was installed into the chair at Chubleigh's, and his rich sweet songs increased the business perceptibly to that hostlery. A music hall manager having heard Eaton sing, engaged him immediately for his establishment, and before many months he sang between the acts at the old "King Street."

Of course he soon became acclimated to London, had dropped his quaint peculiarities of speech and affiliated with things around him. Association with play folk and stage matters enabled him to assume a *rôle* at very short notice on account of the sickness of the heavy man. His success was complete. Herod was out-Herodded, Othello was nil now satanic humanity had never been unveiled.

At the beginning of the ensuing season he was installed into the position which he soon made pre-eminently his own.

During this time his daughter Alice had grown to womanly grace and beauty. The thick bands of her pale golden haff turned about a face and brow that might have graced an idea of purity. A delicate complexion of pink and white, relieved by the fresh plumpness of her dainty red lips, which were free from any tinge of sensuality. But her eyes were her crowning beauties; so large, so liquid, with a shade of sadness when in rest, but full of life and happiness when alight, and seemed to mirror in their azure depths the fresh, happy young life within. Her whole existence seemed devoted to assuaging the misery of those unfortunates with whom she came in contact. There was always some sick one, or cripple, for whom her little basket had to be lined with aromatics, some rack-a-bones by whose bedside she would sit and watch, or some desolate den wherein she brought comfort and sunshine. The child never now crossed the threshold of a church, but her whole life was a reproach to those hypocrites who make life a protracted whine, and who shrink from acts of true religion and charity.

To such a maiden as this did the world look, and would have given a mild expression. Every throb of his heart was given with a thought for her, and his existence seemed wrapped up in her happiness. With something of the old bigotry, he kept her aloof from his stage associates and carefully shielded her from such rudenesses and affronts to which he himself had more than once been exposed. Their acquaintances were comparatively few, yet their lodgings were always bright and cheerful, and they found sufficient pleasure in home occupation without seeking the more exciting enticements of technical society.

Mr. Sibley, the manager of the theatre—a plain, practical man of business—soon found that Eaton knew the compositions of melodious punch, and that a pipe and slippers were always at his disposal at Willie's fireside. Many a night they sat over their cards and gossip until the "small hours" were growing longer. Sibley took quite an interest in Alice, and every visit he paid he brought some little trinket or book as a present for her.

At the theatre there were numerous of those idlers about, whose fascinations were lavishly distributed amongst the less reputable of the ladies of the company. Perhaps the chief of these was Dan Ashton, a relative of the manager's, a young fellow of loose morals and handsome *personnel*. Ashton heard of Eaton's pretty daughter, and with considerable assiduity forwarded his request for an introduction. Not until Willie, aroused to Highland bluffness by his annoyances, almost openly affronted him, did he reluctantly let the matter rest.

"Very good, Mr. Scotchman," he said, with an impertinent shrug of his shoulders; "keep your daughter to yourself, and some day——" With a chuckle he concluded the sentence, while he walked away from Eaton, whose blood fairly boiled.

One evening, when off duty, Eaton had taken Alice to a neighboring theatre to witness a then bright luminary as Lady Macbeth. The girl was delighted, and at times, even in the midst of her house work, she would drop duster and cloth and break forth in a strain of the tigress' poetry.

"Here, Alice," said Eaton one night whilst Mr. Sibley was toasting his toes at the grate, "wrap the table cloth about you and take the candle. Come, give us a taste of thy quality, girl."

All aflame with excitement, she let her luxurious hair fall about her shoulders, and, taking a shawl about her, she caught the light from the table and assumed a trance-like walk. With a sudden irritability, she exclaimed:—

"What, will these hands ne'er be clean. No more of that, my lord, no more of that; you mar all with your starting."

"Bravo, bravo," shrieked Sibley; "Pritchard or Siddons never did better."

She had paused and was gazing with rapt sensibility upon her hand, and her whole soul went forth in the words, with sad significance:—

"Here's the smell of blood still; *all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.*"

With a loud laugh she let the shawl fall from her, and, after she had placed the light again upon the table, her white hands went industriously pinning up the meshes of her long hair.

One day Eaton received an invitation from Mr. Sibley to dine with him, coupled with an urgent request not to disappoint him. Willie, who would have gladly declined (for, good liver as he was, he preferred meals at home), was compelled to accept. They had an excellent spread at Pickford's, and when the waiter, having cleared away the *debris*, left the cigars, wine decanter and glasses on the table, left them without restraint, Sibley proceeded to unburden his mind of the matter in point.

"Eaton, my dear fellow," he said, rather sheepishly, "I have a favor to ask."

"One! A dozen," replied Willie, glowing under the influence of some "sublime port."

"No; one is all I have to make. Briefly then, I want your daughter."

"My—*daughter*?" exclaimed Eaton, half angrily; "what do you mean?"

"Miss Chichester, our leading lady, goes to America at the close of the season, and I know of no one better qualified to fill the place than pretty Alice."

"My dear fellow," said Eaton, with a laugh of intense relief. "I was almost losing temper. You should make requests of such a nature with more tact. Why, my little Alice has no more taste for such a calling than you have for the ministry."

"Excuse me, but I don't think you are in a position to judge. You but see in her the warm innocence and best qualities that a man wishes to see in a daughter—yes, they are even magnified under a father's vision; but my sight, if harder, is truer in this case, and I assure you that a month's training will make her a brilliant and accomplished actress."

Willie laughed a quiet, satisfied laugh. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said: "leave it to Alice herself, and both promise to abide by her decision."

"Agreed," replied Sibley, with much glee, and their glasses clinked across the table.

The next evening Sibley called at Eaton's lodgings, and Alice was informed for the first time of the proposition.

"Both have promised to agree to my decision?" she said, with a ringing laugh.

"Aye, aye, my lass," said Willie, with a broad grin, "speak out and cut it."

"Then I put myself under your guidance," she said, putting both her hands in Sibley's, who was fairly nervous with triumph.

Poor Eaton was bewildered. He thought too much of his promise to retract, but it seemed as though the fond estimate he had placed on his daughter's character was blighted. His face turned pale and his *eyes* were dimmed.

"Well, so be it," he said, hoarsely, and the next day Alice took her initiatory lesson in stage art.

Ever mindful, Eaton watched jealously with his fatherly eyes all her movements, for he was well aware of the snares that beset an actress' path. He was as full of affection as ever for the bright-headed girl, and was as fearful as of his life of having her insulted, and he could have brained the man who dared it.

Her first triumph—startling, vivid and immediate as it was—filled his heart with honest glory and pride. He smoothed the soft hair and kissed the blooming face, flushed and hectic with the excitement of a successful *debut*, and pressed her to his heart a hundred times, calling her his own sweet child.

The year had closed and Alice Eaton had settled in the steady routine of a successful actress. The criticisms of the time were laudatory in the extreme, and she might have had a circle of worshipers at her feet. Her father's watchfulness, however, prevented any intrusions, unpleasant or otherwise, and in time the *roues* and privileged ones of the green-room began to respect the man's depth of love for his daughter. Only on one occasion, when Eaton had been stunned by a fall and had been carried home sick and faint, did one gallant obtain the honor of escorting her home. Eaton was standing at the hall door awaiting anxiously for her coming, and from the shadow saw her approaching, leaning on the arm of young Ashton, Sibley's nephew.

They had paused for a moment beneath a gaslamp just above the house, and Eaton could see in the glare that Alice's eyes were downcast, and her face flushed beneath the gaze of the soft, black eyes. For a moment they spoke, and then separated.

"Get to bed," he said roughly; "we'll have no more mice playing."

"Why father——!" The sentence clung unfinished to her tongue and she shrank from him in affright.

"To bed," he repeated through his clenched teeth and pallid lips, and sternly pointed the way.

But, when the morning's rays lay in broad bands across his bed room floor, his throbbing heart sent the tears coursing down his cheeks as he beheld a little bouquet on the table. He had got a peace offering, and in a few moments his child was clasped to his heart. But he no longer withheld from her those fears that had filled his bosom, and with a piteous admonition released her to the duties of their little household. In a few short hours she had gained a woman's experience and deceit.

Spring had come and gone, the air was mellowed with the warmer radiance of summer, and the stalls in the markets were laden with myriads of blossoms. Poor Alice was paler and more pensive than she was her wont, and at times she fell into a state of listless dreaming. Eaton beheld with solicitude the change that was coming over her, and one night, after their return from the theatre, she fell into his arms in a dead faint.

"No more footlights for you, my darling," he said, when he had restored her to consciousness; "country air and frolic you want, and shall have."

"But, father," she exclaimed, "there is no one to fill my place."

"I care not," he replied, kissing her; "your health is more precious to me than the sordid requirements of a thousand managers."

So, in a day or two, Alice's trunks were packed, and Eaton sent her to Haslett, a small town in the north country, there to be taken in charge by one Mrs. Lyon, a kind, motherly old lady, who had, in her time, graced the sock and buskin, and under whose care he knew the girl would thrive, with her elastic health and spirits. Every mail brought him little pink missives, telling how she was improving, and giving glowing accounts of her country recreations, and the beauties of the heath, meadows and woodlands. After a time her epistles became less and less frequent, and then they were few and far between. But Eaton never felt anxious, for they always told of improvement, and spoke of how her cheeks were filling out, and how kind and attentive Mrs. Lyon was.

One day, as he sat in his little study, the maid laid before him a telegram. Supposing it to be a mere business despatch, such as he was in the habit of receiving, he leisurely tore it open. Just for a moment he stood passive and then a great moan broke from his shaking breast. It was from Alice. "Father," she said, "for God's sake come to me, I'm dying."

With almost a shriek he sprang to his feet, and taking a small sum of money, and without a change of clothing, he rushed from the house, called a cab and in a short time was pacing the floor of the Euston Square *depot* like a crazy man.

Too late! All night he rode, and never closed his eyes in forgetfulness of his child. It was bright morning when he arrived at the post station, and then set out on foot to Haslett. With a few inquiries he found Mrs. Lyon's domicile, and dust covered and haggard he rudely asked where to find his daughter.

Speechless, the good lady pointed the way and wildly he rushed into the room.

Too late! She was dead. The white sheet was folded beneath her breast, ay on which she clasped the still form of a dead babe. On the agony of a hundred deaths was concentrated in that moment, and the sight of the marble livid face, distorted with torture and crushed pride, was horrifying. He had looked almost tenderly for the ring that should have girdled the touchless finger, and found it not, and now he stood riven to the spot without movement or feeling, but bound up in the meshes of the frightful grief that had come upon him.

He looked on her child, and then came when the once loved form should be consigned to the cold and gloomy grave. He had not tasted a morsel for two days; his form was bent like an old man's, and in his sunken eyes there dwelt an ominous fire that told of departing reason.

Her babe was buried with her, but Eaton had seen on its cheek a thin black tracery resembling a figure eight, which he never forgot.

* * * * * * *

"I have news for you," said Mr. Dartwell, the spruce little prompter at the "King Street," as he stepped in the green-room with his roll of manuscripts, and addressed himself to the assembled Thespians, "our new drama will be postponed for three nights."

"And what will the attractions be for the present," said a sombre little man, who was the low comedian.

"A respite for you at least," replied Mr. Dartwell. "Othello will be on the card for the night, and distribution as far as you are concerned as usual."

"Roderigo, you're a favorite of mine," smiled the low comedian, "and Mr. Standby plays it as though it were written for him."

"Poor Eaton," said Mr. Barton, the leading man, "I saw him a week since, and he is the mere shadow of his former self. His daughter's death seems to have completely knocked him up. Ah, there was talent for you. There was something mysterious about her dropping off."

"Of course you would say so," replied Miss Heavyside, soubrette. "You are perpetually whining. The girl died and he misses her of course; there's an end of it."

"Now here's where the bit of news comes in," said Mr. Dartwell's oily voice, coming placidly on the troubled waters. "Eaton once more returns to the boards and will play Othello, and Dan Ashton Iago."

"Save and preserve us," said Miss Lester, leading lady, rather fat and anything but a gentle Desdemona off the boards, "Iago in side-whiskers! Who ever heard such stuff?"

"Dan is not an innovator, and though progressive (as he will make to-night his first essay above light comedy) he conscientiously sticks to the time honored."

"What a shame," said Miss Lester, with a broad sneer," such remarkably handsome whiskers as he has, too."

The real cause of Eaton's retirement from the boards was known to be his daughter's death, but the circumstances attending her demise were not known in London. Mr. Sibley, in a terror at the postponement of a long promised attraction, sought him out, and after much beseeching, finally procured his consent to appear for one or two evenings. Othello had always been a drawing card in cases of necessity. Eaton's "Moor" was the coarse, passionate one that will always be popular with the masses. Heavily lined and devoid of those delicate shadings which have of late been exhibited in the character, it was full of blood and savage passion. It had never failed to draw, and on this occasion the immediate play-goers hailed with rapture a re-appearance of two favorites.

When the stage was cleared for rehearsal Eaton's *rôle* was read, and he did not come near the theatre until the dusk of evening had filled the streets, and the little groups began to assemble at the ticket office.

Before the musicians had taken their seats the house was packed, and when the curtain rose on Brabantio's house a pin could have been heard to drop. Ashton played Iago in a watchful, common place manner, but he was far from being the central figure that night. When Eaton walked on the stage the house gave a shriek, and Willie's heart beat quicker and something like the old glory came into his dim eyes. In the third act, the tragic Mecca of stage literature, he warmed to his labor and swayed his audience with the intensity of his passion. After the insidious sprouts of jealousy had been fixed, and in a burst of rage, he threw the villain by the throat, his eyes burnt like fire on the wretch's face—for there, beneath the moist layers of ochre and rouge, he saw the black, hair-like figure on Ashton's cheek that had marked his daughter's babe. He gasped for breath and reeled with the blood that filled his head. Earthly passion had burst all bounds, for he knew that his hitherto undiscovered enemy was before him.

"*Wretch!*" he shrieked, "*be sure thou prove my love a——.*" The awful word scorched on his hot lips, and his sinewy grip sunk into the soft, dandy throat. Ashton struggled fiercely, but it was too late; his throat was crushed to atoms and the blood gushed from his nose, mouth and ears. In a moment the stage was crowded, and they tore Eaton from the prostrate form and led him away. In a few short minutes the seducer was before his judge.

The story never came out until years had gone by, and young people wondered why the poor wretch was who used to wander mopingly from street to street until he became known in London as the crazy actor. He had been placed in an insane asylum, but before a year had gone over his head he was released as cured. But time afterwards told the true story of his great wrong, and when one cold morning he was picked up from the gutter dead, his memory received vindication, and more than one playgoer shook his head sadly over the departed genius.

"OUD ON DER FLY."—NO. 17.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY OOFTY GOOFT.

Vell, old man, vat do you dink of dis biace? How do you like dis, boody veil? You don'd like id? Vell, I don'd plame you much. After you gid agwainded mit oer beeples den you vill like id bedder. I don'd like id myself any doo vell, I kin insure you. I hafe been in biaces I liked a heab bedder as dis—a heab bedder. Von ding, Sharley, dot is agінsd id in our eyes is der shiow und easy vay mit eferyding—no busdle, no excidement, no hoors. Ve'm always been use to beins on der bounce, on der jumb, und eten now ve are shboged to be "on der fly;" und of dings aind red hot all der dime—of der aind someding lifely going on, ve can'd shdood id. Albany's a nice biace dough, und I ain'd not shbeaking against id ven I say dot id don'd suid me. I hafe god a grade many beery varm friends in dis biace, und I dink a heab of dem doo, und voodn'd say anyding to hurd deir feelings; but of I vos going to build a city, or goin to buy von already build, I don'd dink I vood bick oud dis shbot. "Eifery von for deir daste," dough, like der sow said ven he kissed der old voman. Dis is der cabidal of der shdade of New York, und for dot reason ve must reshevd der goot cidy of ve don'd do id for any oder. I'm glad you'fe come ub for a goot many reasons, cause I'fe god a goot many dings to show you. I'fe god a goot many beeples to make you agwainded mit, und I'fe god a grade ding ub here dot I vant you to hear. Just now, vile der legislature is in session, Albany is radder lifely in shoots, bud ven yon of dese fellers manages to wride a ledder alder dwo or dree days hard vork, dot's funoy to saw mit vot a air of imbordance dey vill send dot away. No doubt der "soild men" dremble ven dey find demselluf abused in der "Bungtown Gazette" und der "Weekly Bladder" und oney find consolashion by knowing dot as dere names aind shbelled righd, no von vill know who dey jakesseas is been wriding aboud. I always dought, Sharley, dat you had a barrel of sheek, but dese fellers kin crand discound you. Und dey ain'd der ony vons. Ve'fe god dem from New York, doo. Some of der weakly bapers is god rebresendadifes here dot know eferyding und eferypody. Dey begin to deal dear leaders in dis kind of a vay:—"As I dold you in der ledder I wrode you dwo years ago, Frear is to been shairman of der commiddee of so und so," etc. Dis, mind you, is after der ding is all done. Dey are derripie shmard fellers, and dey are abbreshiaded, doo. Dey vill valk ub to der Goternor und shlab him on der back mit a "How are you, Joun; how is der old ding vorking?" as of dey knowd him for years. Imbudence is someding maskooken for indulgence und blendy of sheek for success dom. So soon as I kin got a leedle shance I'm going to bost you on der leading vons ub here, und I'm going to told you all aboud dem. Some of dem are fine roosders, und I dink ven ve are handling dem dot ve bedder dook off our glofes. Dis is a gay biace, Sharley, und any von on der outside don'd know "how der old ding vorks" until dey come und see for themselluf.

DO BEEN CODINUED.

THE SNAKE CHILD.

A Remarkable Human Monstrosity.

A remarkable freak of nature has recently occurred in the vicinity of Cape Cod, which illustrates the consequences of certain influences before birth, in the person of a male child, known as the "snake child," and as such specimens of Dame Nature's antics are of interest to her large class of students, including curiosity seekers and exhibitors, we here quote a description given in a recent issue of the *Boston Herald* by J. H. Hanaford, an M. D. of Reading, Mass. He says that:—

"The 'snake child' is a pair of parents living in Harwich, a little more than three months old, and regarded as 'more snake than human.' Before his birth the mother was in an unusual frame of mind, and gratified a kind of monomania for killing snakes, never allowing an opportunity for an encounter with them to pass unimproved. On one occasion she fought two and a half hours with three large adders in an arbor, at last conquering and killing them. On another occasion she came suddenly upon a huge black snake, the size of her wrist, which raised his head very high and 'showed fight.' True to her strange impulse, she began the attack and was the conqueror, though his snakeship presented a formidable if not a frightful appearance. This monstrosity, which weighed thirteen pounds at birth, has the more general appearance of a human being in the outlines of the body than in the head and limbs, though the shoulder blade is wanting, or else unlike the natural one. The head is very large, having, at birth, the appearance with the general expression of the face, especially the upper part, of a child at the age of two years. It rises high, the line of the front and back being nearly parallel, though inclining upward and forward with an arched appearance. The forehead is high and projects considerably over the ears, which are large, are located very far forward and about one inch lower than usual, or about on a direct line with the chin. The eyes are large, snakish, elongated, protruding and much in motion. The lower jaw has an unusual appearance, as if double, while the roof of the mouth is narrow and deep. The mouth is open save when nursing the bottle. The tongue is as thick as two or three ordinary ones, and is very active, slightly cleft at the tip and very smooth. The lips remain in one position, about half an inch in a straight line, while the nasal organ is quite curve toward the angles. The nose is rounded at the tip, much depressed at the base, and the nostrils much distended, the whole looking snakish. Instead of the usual soft place in the top of the skull, there are two, one in the forehead and the other far back, the skull between these more nearly resembling the back of a turtle than a child's head. There are two bony projections in the forehead over the eyes, like prospective horns, while between these and the eyes are deep cavities. The face, which is long and large, with the exception of the mouth and chin—disproportionately small—has a mature expression, rather snakish, the chin being unusually pointed. The feet and hands are the most remarkable, evidently presenting the deformity in its worst aspects. Both are unusually arched and in other respects peculiar. The large toe is short, like a lamb, inclining downward and toward the hollow of the foot, with the small one, also. The remaining ones, which are destitute of the usual joints, are enclosed in a kind of sheath, a thick skin and some flesh, all terminating at the ends in one broad and large nail, inclining downward like a hall tube. This nail, and indeed those of both the hands and feet, have a decidedly snakish look. The hands are still more peculiar, rather more arched than the feet. The bones of the hands are more distant, relatively, than those of the feet, with a deep cavity between rather irregular. One of the toe bones is disconnected with those of the foot, passing, instead, downward toward the hollow of the foot, there floating with no attachment. Others seem to be deficient in the usual connection of the joints. The palm is very deep, corresponding with the unusual arch both of the hand and finger sheath. The thumb and the small finger incline toward the palm and are rather short, resembling the general construction of the corresponding members of the foot, though the small finger is more connected with the others by an arrangement resembling that of the web foot. The remaining three are almost in the form of a triangle, joining at the ends in one general broad and large nail, extending down to the sides of the fingers, almost enclosing them. I could detect no joints in these fingers, only the one joining them to the hand. The little fellow seemed unwilling to have his hands held long enough to have them carefully examined, making one feel that he was handling a snake. The general appearance of the hand, the form of enclosed fingers, the form of the nails, &c., are wonderfully suggestive of the snake. Indeed, one can scarcely look at this unique creature, observe the almost constant motion of the hands, feet, tongue, the turning of the head from side to side, and see the snakish aspect, without feeling a kind of shuddering, a wish to withdraw from his presence, so snakish is he in his appearance and movements."

PARISIAN DOMESTIC LIFE.—The Paris *Journal* reports the following conversation between two girls:—"If you only knew how badly papa treats ma'ma and me!" "Indeed!" "Yes, indeed. You can judge for yourself. When I was ready to be 'brought out' in society he might have gone with me, might he not? Well, instead of that, when ma'ma and I went to his room to find him, we discovered that he had been absent from the house a whole year."

IRISH METAPHORS.—We pass into the Irish courts in Plunkett's time, and we hear with amused wonder flowery counsellors praying juries not to be influenced "by the dark oblivion of a brow." One barrister exclaims:—"My clients adopted a bold course. They took the bull by the horns and indicted him for perjury!" But this is nothing to the pleader who professed to see into his adversaries' game. "I smell a rat," said he; but I'll nip it in the bud."

SHARP REPLY.—A little boy, running, struck his toe and fell on the pavement. "Never mind, my little fellow," said a bystander, "you won't feel the pain to-morrow." "Then," answered the little boy, "I won't try to-morrow."

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

MY LAUNCELOT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"*For he past on, love loyal to the least wish of his Queen.*"

Yes, my darling, we must sever,
Fate has will'ed that we must part,
Let thy last kiss *thus* be given,
Hand in hand, and heart to heart.

There are things of deeper anguish
Than mere words can ever tell,
And the sadness and the sorrow
Are combined in this *Farewell*.

Fold me closer, closer, dearest,
Up to your warm, beating heart;
Do I love you! Aye, so dearly,
That I'd rather *die* than *part*.

Yet it must be; go, I'm stronger
Now to bear my cruel fate,
Would we'd met (or rather),
Would we had not met, too late.

Now adieu! all joy and brightness
Leave my life when you depart;
Heaven is hard that thus can sever
Those together bound in heart.

Toujours Vrai. MIGNONNE.

MARRIED IN FUN.

HOW TWO YOUNG MEN WERE CAPTURED.

For some time past there has been in existence in this city a sort of society or club, composed of young ladies and gentlemen, and formed for the cultivation of their histrionic tastes, and to prepare themselves for a life of future usefulness upon the dramatic stage, as well as for social enjoyment. The rooms in which they massacre Shakespeare and tear Dumas to pieces are situated on State street, in the heart of the business portion thereof, and the unusual sounds incident to high tragedy emanating therefrom have no doubt often attracted the attention of the passer by. But these rooms, the scene of so many mock representations, behold something a few evenings since far different from anything ever before enacted within their walls—no less than a comedy in real life. On that certain evening the members of the club assembled as usual, but in consideration of it being the holiday season, a motion to dispense with the dramatic exercises and betake themselves to various methods of social enjoyment met with much favor, and was unanimously adopted. For a time the minutes flew merrily by in the various games usually indulged in at social parties. These, however, soon became monotonous, and a number of feminine and masculine heads might have been seen in close proximity devising some new mode of entertainment. Their ready wits were for a time unable to discover anything which would serve to amuse, until at last a young lady, her bright eyes brimming over with merriment and mischief, proposed a mock marriage, "just for fun, you know." This proposition was eagerly seconded by another bewitching damsel, and as it seemed impossible that either of them had any ulterior object in view, the new divertisement was agreed to by all. Preparations were immediately made for having the interesting ceremony performed with all due solemnity. A young law student volunteered to act in the capacity of officiating clergyman, while two other well known young men gladly agreed to accept the duty of going through the formula with the young ladies aforesaid. All things being in readiness, the two couple were joined together strictly in accordance with the text of the service, and solemnly pronounced man and wife amid the delighted laughter of those who acted as spectators at the success of the plan. Many were the jokes the newly wedded were made the victims of, and which were heartily enjoyed by the young husbands themselves. All this was well enough so far, and continued so until the time arrived for separating. The husbands had donned their coats and hats in preparation to their departure, and had already bade the rest good night. But at this juncture a change came over the spirit of their fun. The young wives were not going to allow their newly made lords to leave them in such a cruel, unhusbandlike manner, and insisted on their right as wives being given them, claiming the marriage was just as legal and lawful as though cemented by a real minister, inasmuch as each of them made a public acknowledgment of her love for each other, "or words to that effect," followed by a mutual feeling of regard between them. Marriage ensued, as a consequence, but scarcely had a month elapsed when Mary tired of her love and left his home for a more congenial residence in Hoboken. How many other spouses she wedded has not been made known, but three weeks ago her affection for her first love returned, and humbie and penitent she sought comfort in his arms, consoling him for her absence by bringing a large quantity of furniture, estimated to be worth $300. With that strange desire for a change which seems to have been her guiding star, Mary, in the course of three days, again forsook her Faring and demanded that her property be returned to her. This the latter refused and yesterday he was before Judge Cox on a charge of grand larceny. During the investigation another person came forward claiming an equal share in Mary's affections, adding that he too had been lawfully married to her. Judge Cox expressed himself unable to unravel the mystery surrounding Mary's actions and dismissed the case.—*N. Y. Times, Jan. 7th.*

"A COWARDLY CUSS."—The screams of a woman in distress were heard in Water street, near Grand, Williamsburgh, on the evening of the 7th inst., and several citizens immediately hurried to the scene. On arriving near the old distillery they found a young woman lying on the sidewalk, groaning with pain and in a helpless condition. They removed her to a residence near by and notified the police, who conveyed her to the Fourth street station house. On reaching there she said that her name was Susan Southard; that she belonged to Islip, L. I., and that she knew not where she was found by a man whose name she did not know, because she refused to enter an unoccupied building with him. There was a young woman in her company when the assault was committed, but she became alarmed and ran away. The injured young woman was attended at the station house by Dr. Samuel Brady, who found that her right leg was fractured in two places just above the ankle. The sufferer says that she caused the arrest of the ruffian who assailed her getting her on the steps of the old distillery and then felling her to the sidewalk with a blow because she refused to enter it and called for help. Miss Southard was sent to the City Hospital by the police. Just previous to the outrage she had called at the residence of Mrs. Moran, near by, for some washing which she had left there on Monday last. When she left the washing she was accompanied by a young man whom she said was her husband, and that he was a negro minstrel by profession. Further than this nothing is known of her. She is a young woman of prepossessing appearance.

WOMENS' RIGHTS IN TEXAS.—A correspondent of the Denton (Texas) *Monitor* says that a handsome, dashing woman rode into a village in that region a few days ago and, alighting from her horse, went rapidly to a drinking saloon, where a number of sovereigns were having a "nigh time." She singled out the finest looking man in the crowd, and, walking up to him, seized him by the arm and ordered him to put down the glass which he was about to drain. He dashed down the glass and ran away; the lady followed and finally cornered him in the billiard room. She told him in a firm, determined voice, that the place he was in and the course he was pursuing would not answer for her husband; that he was wasting her property, and that she would no longer consent to be disgraced and impoverished by him. She took his pistol from him, cocked it and presented it at him and told him that he must leave or die. He concluded to leave. She marched him out as a prisoner of war to where his horse was hitched, ordered him to mount, and in a few minutes the two were leaving town, the wife riding in the rear of her captured lord with his six shooter in her hand. The husband, all right, in a right handy manner, in thus advocating her woman's rights and defending her marital rites.

YOUNG "LADIES" IMBIBING.—A number of cases of unusual interest came up yesterday before Justice Scott, of the Essex Market Police Court, on which occasion a bevy of rather handsome young ladies of respectability were brought up, having been picked up in the street in an intoxicated condition on Tuesday, while making New Year's calls. The pretty prisoners appeared to feel keenly the shame which they had brought upon themselves, and when questioned by the judge, freely confessed that they had been indiscreet while making their calls and had partaken freely of hot whiskey and sherry wine. One of the prisoners, a pretty little miss answering to the name of Mary, said she had made twenty-one calls and had drank on the occasion of nearly every call. The prisoners were all liberated with a reminder.—*N. Y. Star, Jan. 5th.*

A RAT STORY—THE VERMIN DESTROYERS OF LONDON.—A writer in the *St. James' Magazine* discourses, by way of a pleasant subject, on the "vermin destroyers of London." The article includes a memoir, with spicy personal anecdotes, of Mr. Tidlin, who holds the "high office" of "dog destroyer to her majesty" and here are some of the reminiscences of Jem Black, a famous rat-catcher:—"He once went to a cowkeeper's, where the animals could not lay down or eat their food for the rats, which used to get into the manger and fight at them.' 'I went to work there,' said Mr. Black, 'and actually took out three hundred rats from one hole in the wall; I had to carry them in my mouth and hands and under my arms, and in my bosom and pockets to take them to the cage.' When in course of 'stirmintating' seven hundred rats at the residence of one Mrs. Browne, of Camdentown, her majesty's destroyer nearly got destroyed himself. He was 'stooping down under the manger, when a cow heard the rats squeak and butted him up against the bull; the bull was very savage, and he fainted, but he was picked up and washed, and then he came to. He was 'dreadful bit' on the same occasion, for he had to lie on the ground and push his naked arm into the hole until he could reach the rats. The vermin fastened upon him, and knawed at the flesh so savagely that 'it was cut to ribbons and dreadfully lacerated.' At a mews near Russel square, Mr. Black destroyed a colony of rats that had taken up their quarters 'near a cart-load of common bricks.' They were under the floor and near the partition of the stable. When the wood-work was pulled up the coachman—"Will, the rat-ketcher, if you had been employed years ago a good deal more corn would have gone into the horses.' The vermin 'had worried a pair of beautiful chestnut horses by gnawing away their hoofs, and had nearly driven them mad.' Mr. Black supplied most of the 'happy familes' in London. He sold rats to ladies, who kept them in squirrel cages. He had sent members of the 'large tail species' to all parts of the globe, and 'near every town in England.' Upwards of three hundred were exported to France. He had rats of every color and variety—fawn and white, black and white, brown and white, red and white, blue, black and white, black, white and red.' People used to come from all parts of London to see his collection. At a shop in Leicester square he sold a female rat and six young ones for ten shillings. They were a 'beautiful and docile group, just like a sow sucking her pigs.'"

A WONDERFUL CITY.—London (Eng.)) is a great city. Its statistics are marvelous, and, in a concise form, present a great deal of food for thought and speculation. It is four times more populous than New York and St. Petersburg, twice as populous as Constantinople; there are nearly two-thirds more people in it than in Paris, and one-fourth more population than Pekin. It contains as many people as Scotland, twice as many as Denmark, and three times the number of Greece. Every eight minutes, night and day, one person dies; every five minutes one is born. Eight hundred thousand have been added to the population since 1851. Only half a million of all this population attend public worship, and there are a million of absentees who, if inclined to attend, would require to have 800 new places of worship built for them. A hundred thousand people work on Sundays; there are 140,000 habitual gin drinkers; 100,000 intoxicated people taken every year off the streets; 100,000 fallen women; 10,000 professional gamblers; 20,000 children trained to crime;

nent as though he were standing still, and, going rapidly away, gained a lap all but 10 yards at the third mile, and eventually won by 2 1-5 sec. It was, however, arranged before starting that, whatever the issue of the match might be, Johnson should go on in order to decide the match against time. He therefore continued with almost unabated speed, and traversed half the distance in 37 min. 37 3-5 sec. In the eighth mile he took some refreshment and the pace began to tell on him, but he stuck to his work gamely and ultimately won, with two minutes ten seconds to spare. H. Woodstock was referee and timekeeper. Subjoined are the official times:—

Miles.	Min. Sec.	Miles.	Min. Sec.
First mile	4 11	Tenth mile	43 13
Second	8 56 3-5	Eleventh	48 09
Third	13 10 1-5	Twelfth	52 54
Fourth	17 20	Thirteenth	57 50
Fifth	30 53 4-5		
Sixth mile	26 26		
Seventh	39 46 3-5		
Eighth	34 13 2-5		
Ninth	38 41 1-5		

WALKING MATCH.—William Howes (Davison's Novice) and John Berry (Johnto) walked four miles, for £25 a side, at Hackney Wick, London, Eng., Dec. 24th, the latter being conceded a start of 30 seconds. Both were in fine condition, James Kelley, who waited upon Howes, having brought his man to the post in rare fettle. John Mills (brother of Teddy) was the Drover's attendant, and performed his office well. In the half minute given, Johnto covered 140 yards, going in very fair style. Howes dashed after his opponent most gamely, and slowly, but surely, gained. At the end of the first mile he had got within eighty yards of Johnto, and at the end of the second mile was only ten yards in the rear. Before two miles and a half had been reached Howes caught and passed his man, and from this point the race may be said to have been virtually over. Johnto, however, struggled gamely into the last lap, Howes winning a fine race by nearly forty yards.

JOHN ODDY is to attempt the feat of walking fifty miles in ten hours at Jackson Hall, Lowell, Mass., on the 17th inst.

CURLING.

THE GRAND MATCH.

NORTH vs. SOUTH.

THE CURLING EVENT OF THE SEASON—THE SOUTHERNERS VICTORIOUS.

Prominent among the liberal and gentlemanly patrons of the Scottish game of curling in this country is Mr. A. Dalrymple, a well known and highly esteemed merchant of New York. This gentleman lately presented a handsome silver medal as a prize "challenge" medal, to be contested for each season in a grand match between the curlers hailing from the north and south of Scotland. In selecting the players for the match the canal running between Edinburgh and Glasgow was made the dividing line between the north and south, and all the members of the clubs who were born north of that line were ranged on one side, and all from the south on the other. The contestants in this first grand championship contest included leading players from the clubs of New York, Paterson, Jersey City, Yonkers and Albany, and the list presented the names of some of the most skilful experts in this country, including the four noted curlers of the Champion Rink of the United States, viz., McQuhae, Gibson, Kelloch and McCraith. Wednesday, Jan. 11th, 1871, was the day appointed for the grand contest of the season, and a more auspicious day could not have been selected, as the temperature was just cold enough to give life to the ice, and yet not too cold for the pleasure of the sport. As the contesting sides included no less than ten rinks, the Park Superintendent set apart the whole section of the Central Lake east of the bridge in Central Park, and from this all persons were excluded except the curlers and the members of the contesting clubs. The ice was in fine condition, and indeed everything was propitious for a fine day's sport, and when on the "gathering of the clans" took place each man felt lithe and gay in anticipation of a glorious time on the ice. In the language of an enthusiastic curler poet, the burden of their song was

"Oh, come on, my lads, and shoulther your stanes,
An hour on the ice will supple your banes;
If sorrow hangs o'er you, just drive awa' care,
And besom in hand snuff the keen frosty air.
Awa' in the glen, just outside the toon,
There's a bonny bit loch, where often in June
The lassies hae paddled wi' their wee sonsy feet,
And lads wi' their lassies were whiles wont to meet.
Then rouse ye, keen curlers, and brace up each nerve,
Frae the auld Scottish game we never will swerve;
Wherever we roam, frae the east to the west,
We'll never forget the game we lo'e best."

It was 12 o'clock before the ten rinks were marked out, the sides arranged and the contest fully commenced, but by that hour a lively and picturesque scene was presented on the frozen lake, and, as the contest proceeded, and each of the rival parties became interested in the sport, the provincial comments on the play became amusing and novel to the lookers on not familiar with the game; but, to the Scotch spectators, every word was but a reminder of scenes at home far awa', and by this class of the crowd watching the match the proceedings were regarded with the deepest interest.

Watching one of the rinks, where the contest was more than ordinarily exciting, we noted the comments of the excited "skips," as each, with broom in hand, directed the movements of their players.

"Noo," would the "skip" exclaim, as he called the attention of the player to the character of the shot he required him to make; "Noo, Jamie, d'ye see this besom? Aye! Weel I want ye ti pit a nice canny ane just richt here—a kind o' draw, ye ken?" The shot being made, the opposing "skip," seeing that careful play was requisite, would direct his man, with the remark, "Noo, then, Mac, be awfu' cautious hoo ye lae this ane doon; nane o' yer gleg—firin this time."

Again, when the curler had shot his stone along the ice, and it would appear, in the earlier part of its progress, to be coming direct to the required point, the excited "skip" would yell out with stentorian voice, and speaking to the stone rather than to the player, would exclaim:—"Eh, mon, I like ye, I like ye! Lord, mon, Jamie, but yer a braw curler!" and by way of a salve for previous complaint of some poor play, he would add, "I'll niver fin fau't we ye again whether that comes up or no!" On occasions, too, when a stone does not appear to have sufficient strength to reach the point which the "skip" thinks it necessary for safety to lay, he will shriek out to some of the players on his side, "Soop it up, mon, Davie, soop it, mon; soop it up for yer vera life." But we could fill pages in describing the excitement attendant upon a contest like this, which was probably as fine a display of the science and beauty of the game as ever witnessed in this country. Throughout the afternoon the banks and the bridge overlooking the scene on the pond were crowded with spectators, and the contest was regarded with great interest by all. Mr. Robt. Scott, of Wilmington, Del., acted as umpire. Being an old member of the Keystone Curling Club, of Philadelphia, he, of course, watched the game with a keen and experienced eye. He was not troubled much in deciding disputed points, as the majority of the skips were men thoroughly posted, and but few questions requiring a decision from the umpire came up. The contest was appointed to close at 4.30 P. M., and consequently, as that hour approached, all the parties on both sides who were in the minority on the score at their respective rinks became strenuous in their exertions to recover their lost ground. At all of the rinks the display of skill was, to a more or less extent, very fine; but especially was the play masterly at Rinks No. 2, 5, 7 and 9. The closest fight was at Rink No. 8, and at Rink No. 6, too, the game was closely contested. McQuhae directed some masterly movements at his rink, and they were skilfully executed in a majority of instances. The "dukes" were few and far between, and poor players were scarce. Kelloch secured a handsome majority at his rink by his sound judgment in directing his players, as did Gibson and Templeton. Mr. Bailey had the honor of leading the score on the south side, his rink scoring 39, Major Ferguson being second, Messrs. Phillips and Hawley following close. The victors on the south side were Messrs. Gibson, Templeton—the best score, 36 to 14—McQuhae, Kelloch and McCraith. The match was proceeded with until near dark, with but one intermission for lunch, and at 4.30 P. M. "time" was called and the score was taken, the result showing the South to be victorious by the totals of 287 to 234, a lead of 53 shots. The score:—

Rink.	NORTH. Players. Club.	SOUTH. Players. Club.
No. 1.	J. C. Bailey, skip; J. City. Branden, Thistle. Donald, Paterson. Beggs, Thistle. Score, 39.	A. McKnight, skip; J. City. McConohie, New York. Patterson, New York. Deane, New York. Score, 19.
No. 2.	J. Thompson, skip; Thistle. Raith, Thistle. Law, Caledonian. Boag, Caledonia. Score, 20.	J. C. McQhae, skip; N. Y. McMurrine, New York. Middleton, St. Andrews. Dinsmore, Albany. Score, 40.
No. 3.	J. Stewart, skip; Yonkers. Fraser, New York. Douglas, Thistle. Hay, Thistle. Score, 21.	W. Kelloch, skip; N. Y. Meek, New York. Park, New York. Pringle, Jersey City. Score, 40.
No. 4.	A. Phillips, skip; Paterson. Scott, Caledonian. Monroe, Thistle. Younger, Paterson. Score, 27.	M. Baxter, skip; Caledonian Younger, Caledonian. Crawford, New York. Robb, Caledonian. Score, 17.
No. 5.	Major Ferguson, skip; N.Y. Thompson, Caledonian. Wallace, New York. Anderson, New York. Score, 29.	Wm. Meickle, skip; Thistle. Monigomery, Caledonian. Anderson, Caledonian. Hamilton, Caledonian. Scor . 18.
No. 6.	Wm. Hawley, skip; Cal'n. Fraser, Caledonian. McLean, Yonkers. Laing, New York. Score, 27.	D. Johnson, skip; Caledon'n. Sanders, New York. Mackey, New York. Drummond, Caledonian. Score, 22.
No. 7.	J. Peacock, skip; Paterson. Park, Paterson. Mitchell, Thistle. Brims, Thistle. Score, 18.	Wm. McGrath, skip; N. Y. Lang, Burns. Barr, Thistle. Hope, Caledonian. Score, 33.
No. 8.	D. Foulis, skip; Caledonian. McEwen, Caledonian. McKenzie, New York. Davidson, New York. Score, 19.	J. Stevens, skip; Jersey City. McDougall, St. Andrews. More, New York. R. Mitchell, Burns. Score, 22.
No. 9.	J. Adre, skip; New York. Dingwell, New York. Winterbotham, Caledonian. Quinn, Thistle. Score, 19.	Jas. Gibson, skip; New York. Kirkwood, Thistle. Clemetson, New York. Haslet, New York. Score, 40.
No. 10.	J. E. Bolton, skip; Paters'n. Wilson, New York. Hoagland, St. Andrew. Hardcastle, New York. Score, 14.	J. Tempfeton, skip; Cal'd'n. Muir, Caledonian. Fisher, Caledonian. Winterbotham, Jr., Cal'd'n. Score, 36.

Total score—North, 234; South, 287.

Umpire—Mr. Robt. Scott, of Wilmington, Del., of Keystone Club, Philadelphia.

The following is the number of players each club presented in the contest:—

New York	36	Burns	2
Caledonian	22	Thistle	6
Thistle	13	Jersey City	4
St. Andrew	3	Yonkers	3
Albany	1		
Total	80		

When the South was declared the winner the medal was duly presented to Mr. James Stewart, Vice President of the National Curling Association, to be held by him on behalf of the southern players for one year, when it will be again contested for.

After the "stones," "brooms" and "crampets" had been carried to the club rooms at the Curling House near by, an anjournment was made to the "Casino" in the Park, where the contestants and members of clubs present, to the number of a hundred, became the invited guests of Mr. Dalrymple, and before long the whole party were seated before a well spread table, and for an hour and more the most enjoyable social time was had, toasts and speeches being the order for the remainder of the evening. The prize medal was of handsome workmanship, and was inscribed on its face, "Challenge Medal, presented by A. Dalrymple," with the letters "G. N. C. C." (Grand National Curling Club). Around the letters was a wreath of thistle and laurel, and on the shield was the Scottish lion. Above were two brooms, and beneath was a miniature curling stone made of Scottish stone.

A CURLING CARNIVAL WEEK.—The week ending Jan. 14th was a gala one for the handy curlers of the metropolis and vicinity, the programme including not only several local club contests, but also the grand annual match between the curlers of our leading clubs hailing from the North and South of Scotland. On Monday the New York Club played their "point" games, that noted expert McQuhae coming off the victor against twenty four competitors. He scored no less than nine points. The same day the members of the Caledonian Athletic Club played "points" for three club prizes, John Kellogg scoring 9 points and winning the medal. Foulis scored 8 and John Goldie 7. On Tuesday the weather was quite severe, but the keen, biting air, did not deter the curlers from engaging in their favorite sport. At Prospect Park, Brooklyn, the curlers of the City of Churches inaugurated the game for the season, the Brooklyn Curling Club mustering in force to meet the Burns Club, of this city, in a match. The rinks were marked out on the clear, glittering field of ice, on the outer pond, and as a fine view of the lakes is had from the public drive on Breeze Hill, a large number of carriages were located there, their occupants watching the proceedings on the ice with interest. Two rinks were laid out, as follows:—

Burns Club.		Brooklyn.	
First Rink.	*Second Rink.*	*First Rink.*	*Second Rink.*
Hogg—Skip.	Henderson—Skip.	Kellock—Skip.	Murray—Skip.
Lang.	R. Mitchell.	Patterson.	Pollock.
Elliott.	A. Mitchell.	Irving.	A. Gallaway.
Bryden.	Miller.	Noble.	J. Gallaway.

Umpire—Jas. Crawford, of New York club.

The score at the close stood as follows:—Burns, 1st Rink, 26; 2d Rink, 27-53. Brooklyn, 1st Rink, 17; 2d Rink, 25-42.

BASE BALL.

THE PROFESSIONALS OF 1870.

REVIEW No. I.

During the past year we have been flooded with queries regarding the merits of this and that player, which we have not replied to, because under the head of "answers to correspondents" we could not give space for our opinion, preferring to reserve our comments till the close of the season for winter reading. We now commence, therefore, our review of the season of 1870, beginning with the professionals, taking them up in the order of their positions, beginning with catchers and closing with fielders.

The catching of 1870 has been marked by more brilliant play behind the bat than ever before. Especially was this the case after the introduction and adoption of the dead ball, one of the greatest improvements in the game since the abolition of the old rule of the bound catch of a fair ball. The catcher's position is unquestionably one of the most important in the nine. Without an effective catcher half the strength of the players of the in-field is sacrificed, and the pitcher is deprived of one of his strong points of play in strategic delivery, for unless his catcher is reliable and sharp witted, the pitcher cannot bring his batteries into play with full effect. In fact, the pitcher and catcher must work together harmoniously and be thoroughly familiar with each other's peculiarities, or poor play in both positions will be the result. Hence, in selecting players for these positions, choice should always be made of those who have thus worked well in harness together. The Olympics did wisely in securing Allison with Brainard; the Mutuals in retaining Charley Mills and Wolters, and the Haymakers in keeping Magary and McMullen. Pabor never pitched with such effect as when he had Birdsall behind. So it is in every instance.

The catcher of 1870 who pleased us most was James White of the Forest City nine of Cleveland. This nine, by the way, made a very favorable impression in the metropolis by their excellent deportment both on and off the field, and we are glad to learn that they are to keep together for next season's campaign. Talking of White, however, we never saw a catcher so quick and expert in his movements behind the bat. His *forte* is in taking low balls wide of the bat and in capturing difficult foul balls. A cat after a mouse is not quicker than James is after a foul ball. As for pluck, he is fearless of the hottest balls, and stands dangerously close to the bat at times. The fact is, White is what Creighton was—a natural ball player. He is yet young, has several years for becoming still more skilful, and no doubt the coming season will see some model displays behind the bat at his hands. His record this season shows a total of 170 catches made in 36 games—an average of nearly 5. He assisted in putting out 38 players—an average of a little over 1. As a general player, White is a valuable man; for, aside from his *forte* as catcher, he can sling in a wicked ball from the pitcher's position, and is exceedingly effective at short field. In batting he ranks among the heavy hitters, who go in for the "big licks;" but in this he will improve. White is thoroughly American, a quiet worker, energetic, quick in perception, prompt in action, full of pluck and endurance, and alive to the interests of the club he plays with; and though he has a sharp eye to the dollars he always plays his best to win, regardless of pecuniary cost. This is the true policy for all professional players, and those who stray from it unwisely in sacrificing large future profits for present small gains. Several efforts have been made to secure the services of White, but he wisely proves faithful to the club in which he first earned his reputation. Faithful service and honest play is the professional ball player's capital, without which his playing skill will not benefit him much. White hails from Corning, N. Y., and he is therefore a New York state though not a city player.

Among the other noteworthy professional catchers of 1870 may be named Ferguson Malone, of the Athletics, of Philadelphia. He first played with the Athletics in 1802, being one of the list of cricketers who left their game for base ball. This class of players have generally turned out splendid batsmen and sharp men in playing "points." Malone got thoroughly into practice as a catcher in the Olympic nine during 1869, and last season, as catcher of the Athletics, made his mark as one of the best in that position in the four corners. Ferguson now must play Fergy is from across the water—is Malone's *forte*, and the way he holds McBride's rifle shots close behind the bat, and faces those dangerous and difficult ground balls, affords an excellent illustration of his skill in this specialty. He is a pretty accurate and swift thrower to the bases. The Athletic Club record for 1870 shows that Fergy put out 412 players, averaging 5 and over. There is one thing in which Malone can profit while behind—in refraining from making constant appeals to the umpire. Appeals should only be made in rare instances and very seldom on calling balls and strikes. The evil of bullying umpires, which some pitchers and catchers have indulged in too much of late, is rapidly disappearing, however, and we hope to see it done away with. It is poor policy and works against the nine adopting it. Malone will remain with the Athletics for 1871, and again, no doubt, will help McBride to win creditable victories.

Douglas Allison, the catcher *par excellence* of 1869, in which year he obtained such notoriety as the catcher of the celebrated Red Stocking nine, did not shine as bright in 1870 as in the previous season; it was not so much on account of less ability as it was that he had more rivals to outshine, who were themselves stars of the first magnitude. Like other ball players, Allison became a little intoxicated with the praise given him in 1869, and in consequence became somewhat careless; that is, he did not exert himself except on special occasions, and then, when he wanted to play his best he would frequently fail. A player who aims to excel in his position must play his very best all the time, in second class as in first class games. The best of some catchers have of playing as if it were a matter of indifference whether they stopped a ball or not is a poor one; in fact, it's a losing game in the end. Another bad habit which Allison exhibited in one or two games last season, is that of running leisurely after passed balls, simply because the score is so far ahead that a base or two given won't matter much. This style of thing is not in accordance with first class play, and no captain should allow it. Were Allison to be more earnest as a worker, and more energetic as a catcher on all occasions, there would be none to excel him, and during the coming season no doubt he will improve in this respect. He is a graceful, easy catcher, and in taking long balls on the bound, picks them up as though his hands had some special attraction for the ball. In standing close to the bat, too, he takes a ball hot from the pitcher, while perfectly upright. Most catchers take a stooping position and yield to the force of the ball. He is very cool and possesses plenty of nerve.

We have no record of Allison's play this past season, and, therefore, cannot give his average behind the bat.

Among the old reliable class of catchers who are always good for earnest work and faithful service may be named Charley Mills, the able catcher of the Mutual Club. Charles has become familiar with Wolter's style of pitching, and the two play work together very effectively indeed. Charley is a tall catcher in more senses than one, and we have seen him make some splendid catches both from sharp fly tips taken close from the bat and from well judged foul balls. Charley stoops to receive the ball and keeps a keen eye upon the base runners. He has a neat trick of throwing to first base with a motion of the body and arm, as if he were simply returning the ball to the pitcher; this is very apt to catch base runners napping. In throwing to 2d base, too, he sends the ball down swift and accurately as a general thing. But one of the best features of Charley's play is his quiet deportment and good temper. As a captain, he was too indulgent with his men, and too much swayed by the opinions of non-playing members of the club. Under the miserable management of 1869 Charley had no chance offered him, however. A captain of a professional nine the moment he accepts the responsibility of the position should make all realize the fact that he alone is captain, and not allow himself to be dictated to or interfered with either by influential members, ambitious directors or officious presidents. To listen to their advice or suggestions is one thing, but to be requested to do this or that against his own convictions is altogether a different thing. Several catchers were captains last season, and not one excelled in the position, simply because they either erred in being too easily influenced, or they went to work to enforce discipline too much like task masters. Both errors should be avoided.

Remarking upon catchers who were captains, brings us to Robert Ferguson of the Atlantics, one of the most effective catchers of 1870. Ferguson caught well simply as he would play any other position well as a general player, and no further; for the catcher's place is not Ferguson's home position, in our humble opinion. Bob is a natural ball player; remarkably quick in his movements; fearless of the swiftest balls; with plenty of nerve, and, moreover good judgment in watching the game and playing the points. But Fergy's home position is at *short field*. There is where he excels, and were he to play there only he would soon astonish the fraternity. As a captain, Robert was not as successful as he will be, no doubt, in his new position, for he would now and then order his men about altogether in too martinet a style. Harry Wright is the model to copy from in this respect. Let all due obedience to captains be insisted upon, for, without it there can be no discipline; but in enforcing this obedience let it always be done more in the argumentative style, rather than by an arbitrary command.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE GRAND MATCH ON ICE.

ATLANTIC vs. MUTUAL.

The old Atlantic nine having disbanded, and some of the players having joined other clubs, a few of them thought it would be a good thing to have one more game together before they parted, and so a match was arranged by Ferguson, late of the Atlantics, but now of the Mutuals, to be played on ice, on the Capitoline Pond, between the Atlantic nine of 1870 and the Mutuals. But neither club was able to present full sides of their players of last year, the Atlantics having but six, while the Mutuals only presented two of their nine. With some other players, however, sides were made out, and on the day appointed—Wednesday, Jan. 11th—the match took place. Everything was favorable as regards the weather and the ice, but nothing else was, as no efforts was made by the proprietors of the Capitoline pond to keep a clear field for the players; and, moreover, some poor players and poorer skaters were among the contestants, the match proving to be quite a one-sided affair, and decidedly uninteresting as a trial of skill at playing base ball on skates. It proved to be very amusing, however, the funny phases of base ball on ice being presented to a considerable extent.

At 2.30 P. M. sides were selected for the game, Pearce, Ferguson, Start, Pike Smith and Geo. Hall, of the Atlantic nine; Jas. Hall, of the Alpha; Bergen, the old catcher of the Atlantic nine, of 1857; Brown, another Atlantic player, of 1860, and Clinton, an amateur artist, composing the Atlantic side. On the Mutual side there was Charley Glover, of the Empires, as catcher; Thorn, the old Mutual player, as pitcher; Shreve, another Mutual man, at 1st base; Bass, late of the Unions, at 2d; Cox, of the Alphas, on 3d, with Ruggles, Swandel and Gill—of the Reporter's nine—in the field. Ferguson captained one side and Hatfield the other. Play was not called until after 3 o'clock, considerable time being spent in laying out the bases, which were not properly marked out, a spot of paint on the ice forming the bases, when they should have been laid down in squares, the base lines requiring to be six feet long and marked out in the form of right angle triangles intersecting each other, thus forming a square for each base. The Mutuals sided off at the bat, Thorn opening with a first base hit, but trying to make two bases he was captured by Pike at 2d. Shreve then made his base by a muff at 1st base, Hatfield and Ruggles being the two last victims, the innings closing for a single, scored by Shreves on a muff. Pearce led off on the Atlantic side, and by poor throwing secured his base, Smith being equally lucky. Start and Hall were the two first victims, and, after two runs, had been scored. Ferguson closed the innings by sliding out at 1st base.

In the second innings the Mutual party were nicely whitewashed, and as the Atlantics went in on their muscle at the bat, and their opponents failed to take advantage of all the opportunities afforded them to put out their adversaries, the latter scored no less than 12 runs, and of course things became decidedly one-sided, and the crowd lost interest in the game. About this time those nuisances of a skating pond, boy skaters, kept crossing the field and materially interfered with the fielders; in fact, the crowd thronged around the players and completely prevented any good play. It is needless to refer to the play further; suffice it to say that during the contest, Hatfield and Shreves made good fly-catches, as also Glover, Brown and Smith. The game was played in less than two hours, the final result being the success of the Atlantic side by a score of 35 to 6. We give the score below:—

Mutual.	O.	R.	1B.	T.B.
Thorn, p	1	1	1	2
Shreves, 1st b	2	1	1	1
Hatfield, ss	2	1	1	2
Swandel, c f	2	0	1	1
Bass, 2d b	2	0	0	0
Ruggles, l f	1	2	2	2
Cox, 3d b	2	1	1	1
Glover, c	3	0	1	1
Gill, r f	2	0	0	0
Total	18	6	10	15

Atlantic.	O.	R.	1B.	T.B.
Pearce, c	2	4	3	6
Smith, 3d b	2	4	1	3
Start, 1st b	2	4	1	3
Geo. Hall, c f	2	4	2	3
Ferguson, p	2	3	2	3
Jas. Hall, l f	0	5	2	6
Pike, 2d b	2	3	3	3
Brown, s s	1	2	1	1
Bergen, r f	2	3	2	3
Clinton, r s	2	3	2	3
Total	18	35	19	43

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th
Mutuals	1	0	1	2	1	1—6
Atlantic	2	12	2	1	7	13—35

Umpire—Mr. York, of the Union, Troy.

The proposed match between the New York Skating Club and the Atlantics will not take place. We suggest, therefore, a match between New York and Brooklyn. This would allow of a good selection of skating players.

THE GAME IN NEW ORLEANS.

The well known nine of Montgomery, Ala., played several other well known clubs in New Orleans during their stay, all of which games they won with ease, improving with each successive game.

MONTGOMERY vs. MISSISSIPPI.

This game was played on the 3d inst. The weather was quite cold, and the attendance slim. On the part of the Mississippis, Allen, Hardy and Shields played exceedingly well, while on the part of the visitors, Brady, Benton, Holt, Murphy and Owens did their duty, especially Benton at short. The score:—

Montgomery.	R.	1B.	T.B.
Brady, p	2	1	2
Reignolds, 3d b	2	1	2
Benton, ss	5	4	6
Holt, c	3	4	5
Owens, r f	2	2	3
Murphy, 1st b	1	1	1
Winters, 2d b	3	1	1
Walker, c f	1	0	0
Wentworth, l f	4	4	5
Total	23	18	25

Mississippi.	R.	1B.	T.B.
Freeman, 3d b	2	2	2
Costello, r f	0	0	0
Casy, c	1	1	1
Montgomery, c f	1	0	0
Shields, 1f	0	1	1
Hardy, 2d b	2	2	2
Allen, 1st b	2	2	1
Hooker, s s	2	0	0
Waterman, p	0	2	2
Total	10	8	8

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Montgomery	1	3	2	4	8	0	4	1	0—23
Mississippi	1	3	0	0	0	0	1	1	0—10

Umpires—J. Buddendorff, Southern B. B. C. Time of game—One hour and forty minutes.

MONTGOMERY vs. EXCELSIOR.

On the 4th the Montgomery boys met the Excelsiors, and defeated them, after a beautiful game, by a score of 19 to 14. In this game Benton, Holt, Winters and Wentworth decidedly carried off the honors, especially Wentworth at first. Of the Excelsiors, Thomas, Smith, Fay and Belesky deserve much praise for the able manner they played in their several positions. The score:—

Montgomery.	R.	1B.	T.B.
Fitzsimmons, p	4	4	4
Reignolds, 2d b	4	4	4
Brady, p	3	3	5
Benton, s s	3	4	5
Holt, c	2	1	1
Owens, r f	1	1	1
Murphy, 1st b	2	2	2
Winters, 2d b	1	1	1
Walker, c f	1	1	1
Wentworth, l f	2	2	2
Total	19	19	23

Excelsior.	R.	1B.	T.B.
Thomas, c	1	1	1
Smith, 1st b	2	2	2
Shea, 2d b	3	0	0
Belesky, l f	2	3	3
Fay, p	2	1	1
Lewis, 3d b	2	1	2
Casey, c f	1	1	1
Vandevoort, c	1	0	0
Caruthers, p	1	1	1
Total	14	10	11

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Montgomery	7	1	0	2	3	0	6	0	0—19
Excelsior	3	1	2	5	1	0	2	0	0—14

Umpire—D. Schwartz, Lone Stars. Time of game—1 hour and 20 minutes.

MONTGOMERY vs. GREEN STOCKINGS.

The most interesting game of the week was the one played between these two clubs on Thursday, the 5th inst. It was a close and well contested fight all through, especially so on the part of the Stockings, of whom Darcy, Doyle and Williams carried off the honors. The score:

Montgomery.	R.	1B.	T.B.
Fitzsimmons, p	4	2	2
Reignolds, 3d b	2	2	2
Brady, l f	3	3	4
Benton, s s	2	1	2
Holt, c	3	1	2
Owens, r f	3	1	2
Murphy, 1st b	2	1	1
Walker, c f	0	1	2
Wentworth, 2d b	2	1	2
Total	21	12	20

Green Stockings.	R.	1B.	T.B.
Smith, c f	4	4	5
Pinkham, p	1	3	3
Brady, 1 f	3	4	5
Darcy, p	3	2	3
Doyle, 1st b	2	3	3
Guthrie, c f	3	3	4
Williams, c	3	2	4
Whitley, s s	2	2	3
Foley, 1 f	1	2	3
Crosby, 3d b	0	1	1
Total	20	19	29

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Montgomery	4	0	2	10	2	2	1	0	0—21
Green Stockings	3	1	4	6	3	0	1	2	0—20

Base play—Montgomery, 17; Green Stockings, 13. Flys caught—Montgomery, 7; Green Stockings, 10. Struck out—Green Stockings, 1; Montgomery, 3. Runs out—Green Stockings, 2; Montgomery, 1. Umpire—D. Schwartz, Lone Star Club. Time of game—Two hours.

MONTGOMERY vs. CRESCENT.

On Saturday, the 7th inst., these clubs played a fine game of seven innings, which resulted in another victory for the Alabamians by a score of 21 to 15, as per the following score:—

Montgomery.	R.	1B.	T.B.
Brady, p	2	1	2
Reignolds, 3d b	2	1	2
Benton, ss	4	5	6
Holt, c	3	4	5
Owens, r f	3	2	3
Murphy, 1st b	1	1	1
Walker, c f	3	2	3
Wentworth, 2d b	3	1	1
Total	21	17	23

Crescent.	R.	1B.	T.B.
Fitzsimmons, p	2	3	5
Reignolds, 3d b	4	3	4
Brady, l f	1	2	3
Benton, s s	1	2	2
Holt, c	0	1	1
Owens, r f	3	3	4
Murphy, 1st b	3	1	1
Walker, c f	1	1	1
Wentworth, 2d b	1	0	0
Total	15	16	21

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Montgomery	2	1	2	0	3	0	2	1	0—11
Crescent	1	2	0	2	2	0	3	2	1—13

Base play—Montgomery, 9; Crescent, 8. Flys caught—Montgomery, 6; Green Stockings, 9. Foul bound—Montgomery, 4; Green Stockings, 1. On three strikes—Montgomery, 2. Umpire—D. Schwartz, Lone Stars. Time of game—Two hours.

CRESCENT vs. PELICAN.

The following is the score of a game played at New Orleans, La., on Jan. 8th, between the Crescent and Pelican base ball clubs, which resulted in another victory for the Crescents. The playing of Tennyson, Shay and Kaulp was very fine. Burke, Short, Murtha and Mahan, of the Pelicans, played their positions in capital style. The score:

Crescent.	O.	R.
Tennyson, 1st b	3	3
Shay, l f	1	6
Barrett, c f	1	5
Fanning, c	2	2
Burke, 2d b	4	4
Growler, p	3	2
Boyle, r f	3	2
Martinez, s s	4	2
Kaulp, 3d b	2	3
Total	25	

Pelican.	O.	R.
Short, 3d b	2	3
Morton, l f	3	3
Mahan, c	1	4
Miller, 2d b	4	2
Burke, 1st b	4	2
Green, p	6	0
Bell, p	2	2
Murtha, s s	3	3
Diderack, c	2	3
Total	27	22

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Crescent	2	5	0	2	6	0	1	7	4—25
Pelican	6	2	3	0	2	3	2	3	1—22

Umpire—J. Levy, R. E. Lee B. B. C.

BALTIC vs. ATLANTIC.

The first game of the series between the Baltic, of New Orleans, and the Atlantic, of Algiers, was played on the grounds of the Atlantic Club on Jan. 8th. Darkness coming on, the game was called at the close of the seventh innings, with a well-earned victory by the Baltic Club. Score—36 to 27. Higgins, of the Atlantic, made the only home run in the game. The following is the score:—

Atlantic.	O.	R.
Wright, s s	3	4
Bernier, 3d b	1	4
Williams, p	2	5
Pinerty, 1st b	1	3
Zimmerman, c	2	4
H. Sherwood, l f	3	2
Prezevant, c f	2	4
Selph, 2d b	5	2
C. Sherwood, r f	3	5
Total	26	

Baltic	O.	R.
Johnson, 1st b	2	4
Ward, r f	6	0
Cooley, c	4	5
Morton, s s	1	3
T. Higgins, 2d b	3	5
Smith, l f	3	3
J. Higgins, c f	3	2
Total	27	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th
Baltic	6	2	3	5	11	0	0—27
Atlantic	4	9	10	3	1	0	0—36

Umpire—Mr. O'Connor.

ATHLETIC vs. MANCOCK.—These two Crescent City Clubs played a ball game on Sunday, the 8th inst., on the grounds of the latter club, which resulted in a victory for the Athletics by a score of 31 to 14.

RECORD OF THE WISCONSIN CHAMPIONS FOR 1870.

The champion club of Wisconsin for 1870 is the Central Club, of Elkhorn, and below we give their record for the past season. These records of the leading clubs of each state are valuable as showing the number of active clubs in existence throughout the country in 1870. The Central Club was organized in July, 1870, and played eleven games. The only defeat they sustained was that with the Forest City Club, of Rockford. Below is their list of games:—

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for. Where there are two or more persons of ill r name in the profession, the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

LADIES' LIST.

Arlington, May	Halleau, Mad.	Sharpe, Katie
Bates, Fanny	Holloway, Kate	Stewart, Ada
Berger, Fanny (2)	Holt, Miss E.	Stewart, Miss L. E.
Brennan, Mrs. R. A.	Jones, Rosa	Taylor, Nellie
Bordeaux, Annie	Jones, Nellie	Vernon, Emilie
Berrell, Mrs. M. L.	Kellogg, Clara L.	Weber, Lisa
Boshell, Louise (2)	Moore, Carrie	Webster, Florence
Celest, Pet	McKay, Eliza	Wray, Louise P.
Dacy, Annie	McKean, Gabrielle	Weston, Ella
Eberle, Imogene	Monell, Mrs.	Wood, Jenny
Fay, Bella	Nelly and Lolly	Weston, Flora, 3d.
Germon, Effie	Price, Jennie W.	Wood, Annie
Gibeons, Annie	Peterson, Louise	Weils, Minnie
Garbanati, Fanny	Perry, Kate	Wood, Aggie
Gray, Minnie	Rowell, Kitty	Williams, Clara
Grinnell, Addie	Riddell, Lizie	Zoe, Millie
Green, Mrs. J. E.	Stanley, Rosalie	Zavistowski, Allie
Hunter, Kadie	Sage, Emilie (2)	

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Allen, C. C.	Girard, Frank	Pell, Chas. C.
Andrews, B. F.	Hand, Chas. D.	Parmelee, H. E.
Aymer, W. T.	Hewitt, Frank	Parks, L.
Allison, Harry	Hidelston, Al.	Parker, Chas.
Armstrong, Geo. F.	Heyboura, J. C.	Ryer, Geo.
Bristol, W. H.	Harrison, Jas.	Roberts, N. D.
Benson, Johnny	Hale, W. S.	Runnells, B.
Brown, Ben	Hess, C. D & Co.	Richards, Warren
Barbour, Geo. (2)	Howard, Chas. L.	Rhodes, Dan
Bruton, Wm.	Henderson, A.	Rivers, Frank
Barbour, W. W.	Haverley, J. H.	Rice, J. H.
Bidgood, Gustave	Harrigan, Ned	Rice, Dan
Bunnell, John	Hall, John Clinton	Royd, Den
Baker, E. H.	Hallett, Lew	Roberts, Nick
Barlow, Charley	Hend, H. F.	Rogers, Addi
Birch, Johnny	Hughes, Andy	Rubini, Sig.
Bates, Capt.	Henderson, Abe	Rosion, Frank
Byron O'Doud	Hastings, Al.	Rose, L. F.
Burgess, Billy	Jester, G. W.	Robinson, John
Cotton, Bennie	Jeppe	Roberts, J. H.
Clarke, H. G.	Jordan, M. J.	Ryan, Pat
Campbell, Frank	Knight, Geo. S. (2)	Stiles, Johnny
Chester, N. K.	Kenyon, Julie	St. Leon, Harry
Cotter, F. G.	Kennedy, Wm.	Sherman, W. Scott
Chapman, Geo.	Kuriz, Geo.	Sweet, O. P.
Cathcart, Jas. F.	King, Geo. W.	Stewart, Fatty
Cohan, Tim	Keller, Harry (2)	Stetson, H. R.
Corbyn, Sheridan	Kanane, Eddy	Sterey, W. D.
Carner, J. W.	Lang, Joe	Sully, Thomas
Church, Chas. L.	Lawlor, W. F.	Sexton, M. C.
Canahan, Harry	Lucia, M. B.	Shelby, A.
Clark, Chas. B.	Leader	Scrirew, Saul
Costello, Dan	Leopar, Wm.	Sutton, Dan
Corelis, Chas.	Lanza, John	Stanwood, Harry
Du C. smind, L.	Leopold, Geo.	Stevens, C.
Dowland	Lane, Bob	Toohey, J. W.
Denier, John	Lavake, W. K.	Thompson, R. H.
Donaldson, Frank	Melville, Chas.	Talbot, Harry
Day, Chas. H.	Murphy, J. B.	Treasurer (2)
Delavanta, Louis	Mantz, J. C.	Tannenbaum, J. (2)
Eddy, Edwd	Mackay, A. D.	Van Amburg's
Everett, Harry	Marston, E. W.	Menagerie
Ellinger, Col. Wm.	Morris, Geo. (3)	Walters, Jas.
Fox, Ned	Mack, D.	Woods, Bob
Ferris, Jack	Mahrer, Jas. S.	Woods, Augustus
Franckum, Geo. (2)	Macfarland, Amery	Washburn, E. S. (2)
Forrest, Charley	McKee, Andy	Westmore, Tho.
Frost, Hyatt (2)	Murphy, Joe	Welch, Fayette
Forepaugh, Adam (2)	Maginley, Ike	Wise, Frank A.
Fox, Eddie (2)	Mulgro, Chas.	Wilson & Kernell
Flury, Fernando	Naylor, W. H.	Wallace, Fred
Garion, Jos.	Neville, C. (2)	Withers, Joseph
Gonzales, Adolph	Noyes, C. W.	Williams, J. H.
Gaylord, Low (2)	Norton, Nicolo	Williams, R.
Gardner, Chas. A.	Orion, Miles (3)	Whitson, John W.
Garland, Frank R.	Older, A. P.	Wheeler, Matt
Grady, G. G.	Ogden, C. P.	White, Chas. G.
Goodrich, E. T.	O'Harra, G. H.	Yates, A. H.
Griffin, Chas. L.	Payson, W. F.	Zimmerman, C. A.
Golden, Jas.	Purcell, W. (2)	
Gurr, Harry	Perry, M. J.	

Songs for the People.

I'M SOFT ON LIZA JANE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY GEORGE G. HART.

Oh, I'm a gay and festive nig, a bully boy am I;
There's only one thing troubles me, I'll tell you by and by;
I'm down in love with Liza Jane, I've got her on the brain—
Oh, yes! The fact is, white folks, I'm soft on Liza Jane.

Chorus.—Oh, I'll never meet her equal,
Nor see her like again,
For she's the apple of my eye,
And I'm soft on Liza Jane.

When first we met I'll ne'er forget, 'twas down at Bowling Green;
I thought her then the prettiest girl my eyes had ever seen;
I raised my hat, she smiled a smile, her meaning it was plain,
And since that time I've known no rest, for I'm soft on Liza Jane.

Chorus.—Oh, I'll never meet her equal, &c.

I asked her for to marry me—her answer it was "Yes;"
And so here the happy day comes round I'll leave you for to guess.
There's only one thing that I fear, and it's my greatest pain,
For fear some other nigger might get soft on Liza Jane.

Chorus.—Oh, I'll never meet her equal, &c.

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, Jan. 16th, '71.

ALTHOUGH business generally throughout the country is dull, a look at the metropolis through the eyes of a stranger might convey the impression that all was life and gayety and prosperity, and that business was never better at this time of year than it is at present in the great city of New York; but "all that glitters is not gold," and though the outer semblance gives token of thrift, yet a glance at the workshop, at the books of our large traders, at the thousands of idle mechanics now walking our streets, would give a more correct idea of our condition, and disclose the unwelcome truth that trade of all kinds is unmistakably dull, and that money, in the language of Wall street, is extremely tight. The theatres are doing tolerably well, but, as they used to say in "the land of the west," there is plenty of room left for more settlers. The spirt of snow and the cold spell knocked down things at some places of amusement, for sleighing and skating draw people out of doors, instead of driving them in, and the better a man can cut the figure s on the ice, the less does he care to figureate as a disciple of Shakespeare or as a lover of the muses. As a outdoor recreation amuses more, in his opinion, than the other. We always have a good supply of commercial travelers among us, men who attempt to combine business with pleasure, a combination, however, that does not always work together for good, the pleasurable part in many instances getting the upper hand, and laying out the other like a dead chicken. At our numerous dramatic resorts, entertainments are offered to suit every taste, and we find that in seasons of general depression light and sparkling performances are preferred to those of a grave or heavy character; our people require something to drive away dull care, and make them forget the gloom and sadness by which they may be surrounded, instead of sitting out a play ladened with long speeches and death's heads and cross bones; so we find that those establishments devoted to burlesque, spectacle, variety, and the lighter branches of dramatic representation, are better patronised than those houses where last dying speeches and funeral ceremonies to correspond make up the dismal bill of fare. At these latter resorts it is quite a relief when the act drop falls, and the orchestra strikes up a lively air to assure us that they're not *all* dead. And this reference to the orchestra reminds us that the delightful harmony we listen to is the result of deep study, and one of the effects of each man performing well his allotted part, all under the guidance of a competent leader, without whom the players would be like an army without a head; therefore, we shall indite a few lines in honor of

YE LEADER.

Ye Leader oft a Teution is—
He leads the "coolin," I opine;
And equally divides his time
Twixt lager and his "cue;"
Whene'er he sees the slightest chance,
Betakh he stage he views in
Returning redolent with beer
And very "forte fives."

Before the overture, he waits
Till none but he remains,
Then fresh from his *escapade*
His own *recep* he gains;
He makes the neighboring beer saloons
Resound with his "hal haa!"
Yet chuckles when he hears about
A rest of sixteen bars.

The piccolo he sometimes plays
(He knows the people's wants),
While performers on the violin
Will pick a bar response;
Though he may know not "grand" or "square,
Piano he must play;
He sees much better, too, with "specs"
Before his eyes; he'll say!

He scarcely cares for flowers, yet
The rest is his own;
And often, neath his guidance, hath
The fotha rose in tone.
O, may he, when his work is o'er,
Be wafted from the ground
Amid the "music of the spheres,"
When Gabriel's trump shall sound.

.....John H. Surratt's lecturing excursion on the Lincoln assassination conspiracy does not appear to have met with much favor, so far; for if there is anything execrable in offences against humanity, the "assassin" is the head and front of such offending. The name of Booth, once made famous in the dramatic world by the genius of the elder, has by the crime of J. Wilkes Booth, in the cowardly murder of an unoffending man, rendered the name infamous for all future time. Although Gen. Prim was assassinated in Spain because of his antagonism to republicanism, yet his assassins, should they ever be discovered, will be held up to the scorn of all nations, republican as well as monarchial. And so, John H. Surratt would do much better to cease his lectures on the Lincoln assassination conspiracy, and thus let the world forget, as far as it can forget, one of the foulest deeds in the records of the criminal calendar.....A malicious young scallawag was caught the other day in the act of tearing down theatrical posters which had just been put up, at great expense to managers. He was committed to answer under the name of Robert Dayley. The destruction of other people's property has been the daily amusement of this young scapegrace for a long time.....A rhyme or two we submit, *in re* the veteran who lags superfluous on the stage:—

Some men who tread the boards
Are no wise suited to the stage,
And managers engaging them
Some sad mistakes have made;
But no grave blunder could they make
In hiring the vet, we'll wager:
He's just the fellow for the stage,
Because he's an old stager.

.....No doubt many of our readers have of late missed the cheerful words and funny acts of "Our Jim." Well, as we remarked in a previous issue of the CLIPPER, "Our Jim" has gone for a showman. Desirous of a change of scene, and anxious to see a little more of the world, the boy allowed himself to be hired as a blower for a concern starting out for a holiday campaign among the "rooral distrecks," as he terms them. He consulted us before finally committing himself, and as we wished him to compare the "jolly life of a showman" with that of the sanctum-onious editor, we kindly permitted him to take hold with the proviso that he should occasionally send us a brief note of the progress and of the success of the exhibition, and below will be found the first epistle from "truthful James" concerning show life in general and his show in particular:—

LONG A CUMMIN', Jursy, Jan. 2th.

DEER ROSS.—For the fust time in me life I address yu as a blower, of which I'm shure you broke into as fared as the lor allows; don't let the prajuced komposaiter set this up as brake in fu, wich he is apt in if not nipt inter the bud, as yu air aware. Our sho is called the "Warregated Exseliver Exhibishin of Livin' Nacher, with the Grate Sord Swollierer and Champeean Pi Biter." This larst is only a roos to dror the ignint and worashis koom is like the leeves of Walambrosy, so to speke, becors in our sho every man is his own pi biter, I want yu to no. This inwayable exhibishin was born at auxbin for the benefit of ort conserned, as the sherrit's sho bils sed, wich it was true, as I hav sins hurd from wun hoo nose; hoom fu tu bi a kits wen she started out, yu will persseve, and was obleeged to go under, with ort on bord, as a warnin' to others hoom banker after the flesh pots of Egipt, if I ma maik so bold, bi the bi. In this warregated konsurn we hav a lotin however—one of the most crosseest litted devils which ever dru the breth of life, as hoo hit, if it is a hi wood mark a angil were; ffere we have a jumpin kangru—that's wat we *call* him; he haint begun to jump yet, but I bleve it's in him, judgin bi the exsitin stile he goes for his rashins, wich is a luxurridgun sine, I'm told by common seers in the jumpin' kangru bisnis; we hav also a wallubali addidish in the purson of a friteful porkypine, of hoom Hamlick speeks so faverably in his advice to the sho fokes, wen he ses, sez he:—

"An mask each hair stand on to its end
Like quills onto the fritsful porkypine."

This is a owdashis creecher—the first time I seen him I sort to smooth down his fethers, wen the knowin little cus turned himself round, sen-sin' mi hand agin the grane, the quils gota' thru it like a tin lush orger; I hav never made acshibill with him sins, aither dont I intend to. Next on to the kataleg is a brite speasymen of a seered hop frog, the only wun, as the program sez, wich was ever brort to this nashin in a kompleet state; I like him better than the uther beests, for he's 10 times funnyer than that frord, the latin hyeena; and as a boopist, he lays way over the jumpin' kangru. We hav also a horned sed, hoom takes to the worter lik a live duk—this call him turned becoss of his kanine sagashishness I bleeve. Likewise, a live rat tail snair, with reel rat tails and piseless fangs, so tu speke, as it ware; this is a more dangerous animil than the sacred hop frog, as his bite is above deth—leastwase them wat sye tel the orjins wen they git tu close on to his cage and crowd the morners. Then we hav the hed of "the man hoo fix the wire"—he was a ambishis for his seens; he jined a travlin sho wonst, wen salress was low, and agrede to do warryus feats for thre dollars a wake, and find hisself, wich no man kin do and liv; so won da he put a peece into the papers sa follers:—

"GRATE FEET.
A Man Flies the Wire,
From the roof of a hous on 3d stret belo
Queen, Southwurk, down to a lot on Terror Firmer.
A Fre Sho—cum 1, cum aul.
A Strong Poleos Force will be present to kepe order;
Likewise a bras band.
Don't forgit. 5 o'clok sharp."

Shure enuf, wen that afternune cum, the crowds was like a mass meetin wen a ox is kild and roastid, an no quesshins asked; it thare was one pursin thare was 20 thousand, and half of them wimmen, hoom brort their lunch urly in the mornin', and never budged from fax thare was just as manny wimmen thare as if a man was goin' to be hung, and the enjoyed theirselfs jist as much, too. Wel, thare was the wire stretcht from the roffe down to terror firmer, as it ware, with them multitood of idlinies a gasin up at the rufe like it was a clips of the sun. "Here be cuias," a disastra urchin wood cri out, and then the crowd wood surge, and babes wood be masht like pie afore the wind, aich wun the thickness of the assemblige; I think boys is wuss than the ecch wen purdas is a waiting for a purseshin to pass—thare alwase a hollerin' "there it is," "its cumin," and uther fise to numeris tu menshin, tu as nuthin of thare runnan bee-wixt pepils legs, and knockin of 'em down like a ro of brix. But time shed of me story, as the old wimmen as wen thare spinnin a pleasent yarn. Dreckly 3 o'clock sharp wus struk—polesmen wus gettin a good place to se the sho—the bras band begun "as the konkring hero kums," and a man's hed wus seen a cummin up thru a hole in the rufe ware the uther and of the wire wus; then the grate croud begun to git uneesy, waitin to the last minnit, and a changin of thare places, also a good ru of the rufe cood be had ezy ware—such is the restless and unsatisfide nacher of man. But the konkerin heero we seen a cummin up thru the hole in the rufe wasn't the rite man—it was ony a supe, as we say in the perfeshin, an wen he shode ort of hisself, and the pepil seen that tha was dooped, you never herd such a yell put up from the throtes of them suckstaters. "Go bag yer hed," "shro us down a choo tobacker," "hoo are yu?" and uther queschins of a exaspretive kind enuf to make a stjit of a parson; tha made more trubbel than thare ded beets, thaa was ever herd of; it is a prety curious trooth that pursons hoom git into a sho for nuthin makes more noise and fus 10 times over than them wich pa to go in. But I discress. The supe tride the wire to see if she was tite, she a little turn on to his wether quarter, eride out to the man at the uther end of the hole, took a komikil posishin wich made the boys laf theirselfs to death, and then waved his hand to the pepil as a sine to be quiet. Sune the reel man shode hisself, drest in tites and spangils, and Injin fethers into his hat, and orl wus stil as if a pin wus a droppin. Then he was jined in the rufe bi a liter ering into his belt, and was started on tu his wild kareer, the bras band struk up "a life on the oshin wave," the pepil cherred with one woice, everybody hove 'emselves about, more babies wus trampild under foot in the tightenest of the moment, and with the man a hed of the prosshin he cood not good close, and his fethers and togs a stickin out, it wuss butiful sho, "2 butiful, 2 butiful tu larst," as the poet exklames. Suddinly thare was a orful pors, a silinis like the tume—ev'y wun a drecktid lord the man a flyin the wire in the middil of his kareer, hoo hey, he was stuk like a fli blister; the supe on the rufe coodent reech him, nuther cood the pepil on terrer firmer; thare he wus a danglin and a swingin and a rarein and a tarein and a cussin and a swarein, but nary a lush cood he git out, he was a gildin down so nicely like a sparrer, makin good time, and acheevin a successfulness, ev'rybody wus in his faver, and cheered him like he was the champeean prise fiter of the wurld, but, alas and alack, the family cum upon him, and he hung like Mommit's sord, chokin as it ware, and a skreechin for help, blained if the crowd diddint go back on to him like he was a wiper. "Oh, he's a dam fraud," they shouted, "he's a dog beest," and he's bigger no fraud, "let's cut him down and then cut him up," and uther discurridgin remarx wich boded no good; and as he hung there betwixt heaven and urth like a gost, such wus his witeness, he thort he'd rather die on the stage wen an audyence cood number his exsplinted crowd of angree men and wimmin; boys chucked mud at him, and spiled on his close—stones, old boots and bottils was also throne at him like he was a midnite cat a disturbin of the peese. "Cum down you," eride wun; "he's a dam beest," eride another, and wus unfrendly cuss went so fur as to fire a lode of shot at his legs, wich created peels of laffure. At last, wen it was thort the man wus a dyin' in harness, as it ware, a dash was made for the rufe, the wire was lowerd and the inersht man was released from his pentiful condishin; but it was out of the fryin' pan into the fire, so to speke, for the crowd put a rope round his nex, and horled him about the stretes till life was extinkt, and then the waved his hed from his boddy as a warnin to uther ambishus gimnasts not to disapoint a appreshiative publick. And that thare hed, wich was pursurved in sperrets before as well as after his deth, is now in our sho, form in a unexampild kombinashin with the laffin hyeener, hop frog, jimpin kangru and other speciments of gray. In my nexts I'll tel you more about the consurn, and of the sucksess attendin my efforts as a blower. Yourse till deth, "OUR JIM."

P. S.—Yu kin print this as rote, for I've took grate pains with it. O. J.

City Summary.

A GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT, for the benefit of Strasbourg, is to take place at Steinway Hall on Feb. 15th, and the co-operation of influential citizens is solicited. A circular before us, signed by Messrs. Henry W. Bellows, Wm. C. Bryant, Elie Charlier, Paul W. Cæsar, Joh. Lienau, Frederick Louis Ritter, F. Marie, Joseph Seligman, Charles C. Dodge, Wm. Steinway, Ch. Lasalle, H. De Marell, Dr. H. Goulden and H. Wesendonck, says:—

There cannot exist any difference of opinion in regard to the claims of Strasbourg upon our human sympathies, independent of all political considerations. A bombarded city, fiercely defended, leaves a wretched population behind its battered walls, and anything we can do for it is due to humanity. A grand vocal and instrumental concert for the benefit of Strasbourg will be a great success, provided it is supported by citizens of influence and aided by musical artists of rank. Several of the latter have already promised their assistance, and, while we cannot at present give you the programme, we may say that the concert will be one of the highest artistic merit.

THE LAURI FAMILY, Hughey Dougherty, Miss Martha Wren and James Collins constituted the fresh attractions at the Theatre Comique during the past week. The Lauri Family, which consists of Mess. John, Henry, Charley, Master C. and Mlle. Lauri, appeared in a comic *ballet pantomime* in one act called "The Fire Fiend," which was well placed upon the stage and finely acted. Mr. Charles Lauri as the Fire Fiend was extremely agile and graceful, and his appearance and disappearance through numerous traps in various parts of the stage was accomplished with precision and ease. John and Mlle. Lauri during the pantomime favored the audience with several dances, among which a *pas Styrien* and a *grand pas de deuz*, deserve especial notice for grace of pose and action, precision in time and general pleasing effect. Master C. Lauri as a little contraband created a great deal of merriment by his pranks, contortions and acrobatic feats. Mr. Henri Lauri, in his personation of the rival lover, Hermann, was very quaint. Mr. Clair as Baptista, the inevitable old man, who receives all the kicks and blows, did so with the utmost complacency. In fact, he seemed to enjoy it. Miss Ida Rivers as the fairy guardian looked charmingly, was beautifully costumed and acted what little she had to do with care. During the pantomime some new chemical effects were introduced, consisting of powder wrapped in white paper, which, being thrown in the air, took fire, and burned a brief space of time, the flames being of various colors. These artists are very clever, and the pantomime was much enjoyed by the audience. Hughey Dougherty delivered one of those inimitable burlesque orations, which have rendered his name celebrated in his profession. On Tuesday evening, being in especial good humor, he prolonged his discourse some twenty minutes, and during that time he kept the audience in the best of spirits. He also appeared in a sketch entitled "Bad Dickey." Miss Wren and Mr. Collins appeared in their protean sketch entitled "Barney's Courtship," concerning which we have hitherto written, and have only to add that during their absence from the city the performance has been considerably improved. It is very pleasing, and gives entire satisfaction. Messrs. Ashcroft and Morton, song and dance performers, perform "Monkey struck," which was liberally applauded, and later in the evening Mr. Ashcroft, in the character of an old Irishwoman, sang "My father sonld charcoal," and, in response to an *encore*, sang an "Apple pedlar's song." His makeup was very artistic, and the character was admirably delineated throughout. Stewart, Arlington, Coes and Wambold sang a humorous quartet, which was thrice re-demanded. Miss Clara Vernon met with favor in the singing of some ballads. Miss Emma Alford in serio comic songs has become an established favorite with the audiences, and is liberally applauded and frequently recalled. The fairy *ballet* "Crystaline" was the vehicle for the introduction of some clever saltatory evolutions by the excellent *corps de ballet* and Mlle. Augusta, *premiere*. Some people pronounce this *ballet corps*, when taken as a whole, decidedly the best in the city. They all are good dancers, have shapely forms, and are ever richly and tastefully costumed. That strict attention is paid to business and rehearsals their performances indicate. The Misses Caroline and Gabrielle Schrotter, Carry Haines, Ida Rivers, Millie Young, Fanny Lucille and Ida Greenfield are particularly deserving of mention for their grace and excellence in dancing. Mlle. Augusta is a great favorite with the patrons of this theatre, and deservedly so, as she labors hard to please, and has evidently studied her art in a good school. The efficiency of Mons. La Thorne as a stage manager is apparent in every performance, and the orchestra, under the capable direction of Mr. David Braham, has been brought to a degree of proficiency seldom found in a variety theatre. The programme offered during the past week is one of the strongest that has been presented to the New York public during many months, and the managers, Messrs. Butler and Gilmore, are reaping a corresponding pecuniary reward.

THE LAST WEEKS of the Lydia Thompson Burlesque Troupe at Wood's Museum are announced. On Monday evening, Jan. 9th, Planche's old burlesque, written some seventeen years ago, entitled "St. George and the Dragon; or, the Seven Champions of Christendom," somewhat reconstructed and the dialogue freshened, was produced with new scenery, costumes and appointments. Like the majority of burlesques, the story is slight—so slight in fact that any attempt to record it here would be futile. It is simply a vehicle for the display of the pretty faces and shapely forms of the ladies clad in bright costumes, who indulge in tuneful songs and attractive dances. Quite an opportunity is likewise afforded for some attractive scenery which the artist has improved to the fullest extent. Miss Lydia Thompson appeared in some half a dozen characters, with as many beautiful costumes, and sang a number of songs which were received with great favor by the audience. She appeared to great advantage in the final character—that of St. George the Dragon Slayer—clad in full armor of almost dazzling brilliancy, which displayed her fine figure to the best possible advantage. Miss Alice Harrison was very attractive in the *role* of St. Denis of France, which she costumed in admirable taste and acted with becoming spirit and zest. Miss Ada Harland as La Sabre, *roi de mon pere*, was irresistible, her personal beauty being set off to great advantage by the tasteful Turkish costume. Although the character did not afford her much scope for acting, it gave several opportunities for the introduction of those delightful dances for the artistic execution of which she is somewhat renowned. Miss Alice Atherton, with her bright eyes and pretty face, appeared to advantage as St. Patrick of Ireland. The Misses Nelson Henderson and Lottie Grant, two of the prettiest girls to be found on any stage, and whose experience upon the boards has been quite limited, are both deserving of high praise, as they exhibit the germ of genuine talent which will ripen under study and careful guidance into a beauteous flower. Mr. Harry Beckett, as the Emperor of Morocco, was good, and created much mirth during the evening. Yet the character did not afford full scope for the display of this artist's comic abilities. Mr. Willie Edouin, as the Sultan, was very good, as was Mr. T. W. Keene as Alektra the Sorceress. The burlesque achieved success, and the auditorium was filled nightly during the past week. At the *matinees*, save Saturday, when "St. George and the Dragon" was performed, Mr. Johnny Thompson has continued to enact some eight or ten characters in a sensational drama entitled "On Hand; or True to the Last," the past being the third week of its performance. The present week will be the last, save two, of the Lydia Thompson troupe, who will be succeeded, on Feb. 6th, by Miss Lucy Rushton, who will appear in a new sensational drama entitled "Red Hands."

MISS LAURA KEENE arrived in the city on Wednesday, Jan. 11th. She is to commence an engagement at Lina Edwin's Theatre on Feb. 6th.

THE PROPHET PROMISES often found upon the lips of the keepers of various places of amusements are seldom fulfilled to the letter, but at last we have a case in which the promise of the management has been most religiously observed. A "brief season" of Italian Opera was inaugurated at the Fourteenth Street Theatre on Wednesday evening, Jan. 4th, when "Il Trovatore" was sung. This opera was repeated on the following Friday evening and Saturday *matinee*, and after the performance of "Il Ballo in Maschera" on Tuesday evening, Jan. 10th, the season closed, having been pecuniarily a failure. On the last evening Mlle. Ozilliag, who was announced to sing the *role* of Amelia, did not do so and Mme. Viardi-Marti filled the *role* in her stead. Miss Rosa Cooke, under the name of Roselli, sung Oscar, the Page, and achieved quite a success. We think the location of the theatre contributed largely to the failure of this season. Not within our recollection has a single enterprise been carried through here with pecuniary success. Experienced managers who have been accustomed to succeed elsewhere, have here, notwithstanding the exercise of energy and tact, ever met with failure.

"SARATOGA," with its bright picturesque scenery, its bevy of pretty girls, charmingly costumed, its types of male characters of modern society, its dialogue, containing a reflex of the chit-chat of some of our fashionable belles, has filled the Fifth Avenue Theatre during the past week, and the audiences have apparently enjoyed it.

AT LINA EDWIN'S THEATRE, "Kind to a Fault" and the burlesque of "Aladdin" have constituted the programme during the week past, save on the Saturday night, the occasion of the benefit of the manageress, Miss Lina Edwin, when several scenes from the burlesque of "Little Jack Sheppard" were performed in addition. In "Aladdin" the character of Widow Twankey was well performed by Mr. J. L. Hall, instead of Mr. M. W. Leffingwell, who was compelled to withdraw from the company in consequence of engagements entered into by him some time since. Moderate business greeted the efforts of the company. This Monday evening, Jan. 16th, Mr. Frank Drew will commence an engagement, appearing in the burlesque entitled "Mazeppa," and "His Last Legs."

AT HAVLAND'S' NEW OPERA HOUSE Bryants' Minstrels appeared in a very enjoyable programme last week. In the first part some excellent vocalism was heard. The fine tenor voice of Monroe Dempster sounded to great advantage in the ballad "When the Corn is Waving." Dave Reed humorously sung "Tit, Tat, Too," C. W. d'Alberte sung a song of his own composition entitled "There's No Such Word as Fail," which was warmly received. Dan Bryant explained many a thing that "You Know How It is Yourself," in such a humorous manner that the audience demanded its repetition twice. W. F. Stanley's voice exhibited good musical training in the ballad "Call Me Not Back." In the second part the excellent acts of the previous week were all retained and received with much favor.

MLLE GRACIE AND HARRY CLARKE, aerial gymnasts, have been the chief attraction at Tony Pastor's during the past six nights. Their performances are characterized by grace, skill and daring. Mlle Gracie, suspended from a *trapeze* hanging from the dome of the theatre, with her head downwards, holds in her teeth by a leather thong the other gymnast in mid-air, which performance is after repeated with these gymnasts in changed positions. The strong marks of approval bestowed by the audience attested their success in pleasing. Little Josie, quite a favorite, by the way, introduced several new songs. Kerns, Wild, Murray and Eagan were warmly applauded in their various specialties. Tony Pastor sang several new songs in the pantomime "Ba! Ba! Black sheep" was performed nightly. For the present week the following fresh attractions are announced:—Miss Kitty O'Neil, champion jig *danseuse*; Miss Iona Lang, protean vocalist; James Collins and Martha Wren, duetists.

AT THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS a pleasing programme was offered during the week just closed, which attracted fair sized audiences. Little or no change occurred in the first part. "Meet me again to-morrow, Bessie," as sung by C. Tompkins, met with passing notice. In the second part, the ever popular song and dance "Let Me Be" delighted the audience. Rollin Howard sung and personated the "Gay Young Swell." Billy Birch, Charley Backus, W. Bernard and Billy Emmett performed a sketch entitled the "Happy Family," and created much genuine fun. Johnny Queen excited the risibilities of the audiences in "Nobody's Daughter." Charley Backus was quite successful in his living photographic reminiscences, and the burlesque opera "Les Brigands" concluded the performance nightly.

"WAR" has ceased at Wallack's Theatre. It closed with the performance of Saturday last. The theatre was by no means "Used Up" and the management, acting under the proverb, "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady," will continue the performances, presenting this week two elegant comedies bearing the titles of the words we quoted above. On Monday will be played at this theatre for the first time during ten years. Mr. Lester Wallack, one of the best light comedians at present living, will make his first appearance this season, and will act the character of Sir Charles Coldstream in the first named comedy, and Ruy Gomez in the latter. We hail with pleasure the return to the stage of this sterling artist, whose absence has been keenly felt in several pieces recently acted there. It is announced that the "Heir at Law" will shortly be repeated, in compliance with several requests made for that purpose.

AT BOOTH'S THEATRE, on Monday evening, Jan. 9th, was produced, for the first time at that house, Bulwer Lytton's well known romantic drama entitled "Richelieu," with the following cast of characters:—

Lawrence Barrett	De Mauprat
Mr. Sheridan	De Baradas
Edwin Booth	Richelieu
Mr. Fenno	Joseph
Mr. Anderson	Huguet
Mr. Pitou	Louis XIII.
Mr. Fateman	De Berghen
Mr. Howson	Orleans
Master Seymour	Francois
Miss Fateman	Julie De Mortimer
Miss Livingstone	Marion de Lorme

The mounting of the drama was a marvel of scenic art. There were four scenes which we think have never been surpassed or even equalled. They comprise a room in the palace of the Cardinal at Paris; a room in another palace at Rouel; the Garden of the Tuileries at Paris; and the throne-room in the palace of Louis the XIII. All the interior scenes are technically termed "Pots," and are closed with the Italian arch, with groined head, all of which are frescoed in the highest style of art. The most gorgeous of all these is the throne-room, which stands during the entire last act. It occupies the entire extent of the stage, and the ceiling overhead is one vast arch—a triumph of architectural skill, in which the combined efforts of Mr. Dunne, the master-machinist, and the scenic artists, Charles Witham, Minard Lewis and their assistants, appear to the greatest advantage. The painting is in imitation of the most elaborate frescoes of the latter part of the seventeenth century, the period in which the action of the drama occurs. It must have required weeks of assiduous labor to perfect this single scene, so elaborate is it in design and so faithful and minute in detail of execution, as is the first time that a scene of the kind has been attempted in this country, and it may be pronounced an unqualified success. The costumes were rich and correct in design, and were prepared under the direction of Mr. Joyce, who has devoted many years of study and research to his department of the profession, and who is duly recognized as an authority in such matters. The furniture and appointments by Mr. Denci were in perfect accord with the scenery and surroundings. Never better or more elaborately was this country or with more lavish display in every department. The stage manager, Mr. D. W. Waller, upon whom depended the arduous task of assimilating all these adjuncts into a harmonious whole, is deserving of the highest praise. But of the acting we cannot speak in terms of equal commendation. Mr. Edwin Booth, who appeared for the first time this season, assumed the *role* of the Cardinal Duke, for he is totally unfitted for. His make-up was artistic and infinitely superior to his former efforts in this character. By means of ingeniously contrived costumes his slight figure was concealed, save in one or two scenes. In appearance he was all that could be desired, and until he spoke the illusion was satisfactory. He is unfortunately possessed of a voice not flexible, which does not admit of any disguise. In simple, declamatory passages he is most effective, but where the expositive, profound tones were required he was totally deficient, and was compelled, in consequence, to commence such speeches in a comparative plaintive tone and work up to a climax at the end of a sentence. He lacks physical endurance for the *role*, and his voice in the last act evinced in a painful degree the strain upon it. The impersonation does not appear like an old man struggling against his failing powers, but rather a vigorous young man lamentably deficient in power of voice, and whose declamation is monotonous. His attitudes at times lack grandeur, and the entire impersonation lacks that dignity which the great self reliance of the Cardinal's disposition would be certain to assume. We would by no means assert that his performance is without merit, nor that it is not a great improvement upon his acting of the part when he last played it in this city, but it is uneven, and if divested of the surrounding, gorgeous spectacular effects, we doubt if it would attract fair audiences for a week. The balance of the cast was by no means satisfactory, nor was it such an one as a theatre claiming a leading position in the country should put forth. Mr. Lawrence Barrett, as De Mauprat, barring a trifling hardness, was thoroughly acceptable. He acted with a deal of dash, vigor and earnestness, while his clear, distinct enunciation was one of the chief charms of its performance. Although an actor of unquestioned ability, he is not thoroughly adapted to this character. Mr. A. H. Fenno as Joseph, and Mr. H. C. Anderson as Huguet, were all that could be desired, both parts being well conceived and acted. Master Willie Seymour found Francois far beyond his powers, and, although he is a promising little actor, he was overweighted by the character, which he struggled manfully with, but his defects seriously marred the general effect of the whole play. Mr. W. E. Sheridan did not happily conceive Baradas; he was altogether too sombre and heavy. The author has depicted him an elegant, talented villain, who was never known to smile. Mr. Sheridan's skilful acting of the part did not compensate for his error in conception. Mr. Fateman was quite satisfactory as De Beringhen, being sufficiently light, volatile and spirited. Mr. Pitou's personation of the weak minded Louis XIII. is deserving of praise. Miss Bella Fateman, as Julie de Mortimer, was effective and forcible, but seemed slightly deficient in refinement and artlessness. She was elegantly costumed, and her personal appearance was charming. Her acting, when she refuses to accept the hand of Baradas as the condition of her husband's life being spared, kindled an electric sympathy with the audience. During the early acts of the drama the audience seemed very apathetic. Neither Mr. Booth nor any of the subordinates received any recognition on their first appearance, which may possibly have been owing to the attention of the audience being distracted from the play by the contemplation of the scenery. And with the exception of two recalls at the end of acts, the applause during the evening was stinted, familiar phrases of the language seeming to receive recognition rather than the acting. Notwithstanding these defects, the performance may be considered a success pecuniarily, as the auditorium has been crowded during the entire past week, which we think attributable more to the mounting of the drama than to the acting thereof. Considering the position claimed for the theatre and for the chief actor, we cannot pronounce "Richelieu" an artistic success.

MR. FRANK DREW closed his engagement at the Bowery Theatre on Saturday evening last. The business of the week was fair. Mr. Edwin Blanchard and his dog, Carlo, also appeared in conjunction with Mr. Drew. On Monday and Tuesday evenings, the "Dog of the Old Toll House," and Watts Phillips' drama, entitled "A Golden Fetter," were performed. The latter drama was repeated on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, in conjunction with the "Galley Slave." On Friday, for Mr. Drew's benefit, the following pieces were acted:—"Shandy Maguire," a new comedy entitled "A. S. S.," the "Watchman and his Dog," and "P. P., or the Man and Tiger." On Saturday evening Mr. Edwin Blanchard received a benefit, when

eral years, and as he had so frequently announced his intention of retiring from the stage, that his performances would have been greeted and applauded by overflowing houses. But whether his playing at an opera house, instead of a first class legitimate theatre, or from some other unaccountable cause, I am sorry to report that he drew but ordinary houses, but at the same time very appreciative audiences. It was obvious to all who saw Mr. Forrest that he is physically infirm, and yet, in the impassioned perorations, for which the play of 'Richelieu' is so justly renowned, Mr. F. displayed all that power of voice and majesty of acting, which he was wont to do in the days of yore. In them he inspired his audiences with the same old enthusiasm, and twice was he summoned before the curtain to receive the fervent acclaim of their high appreciation of his illustrious name and fame as a tragedian. Miss Lillie as Julie de Mortimer, William Harris as De Mauprat, and John Matthews as De Beringhen, rendered very efficient support to Mr. Forrest. On Tuesday (10th) 'Othello' was produced, with Forrest as the Jealous Moor, Wm. Harris as Iago, W. S. Loury as Cassio, W. M. Holland as Roderigo, G. W. Mitchell as Brabantio, Miss Lillie as Desdemona, and Miss Florence Vincent as Emelia. On Wednesday 'Hamlet,' Thursday, 'Damon and Pythias,' and for the farewell performance, on Friday evening, 'King Lear.' On Saturday afternoon and evening the elder star, Miss Effie Johns (of this same troupe) will perform as 'Panchon, the Cricket.' .....At the Holliday Street Theatre, John S. Clarke, after an absence from his native city of four years, opened an engagement of two weeks on Monday, the 9th inst. As a foregone conclusion, an overwhelming audience greeted his initial performance, in which he appeared as Beetles, the hen-pecked husband, in Tom Taylor's play of the 'Babes in the Wood,' and as Waddilove, the fat school boy. Mr. Clarke's great run of 200 consecutive nights in London, Eng., seems to have immortalized him in his own country. The same bill was produced on Tuesday evening. On Wednesday the glorious melange of fun offered in the three act comedy (altered by Sterling Coyne for Mr. Clarke from his own comedy of 'Everybody's Friend') and entitled 'A Widow Hunt,' in which Mr. C. appeared as Major Wellington De Boots, and concluding with 'Toodles,' entirely re-constructed, had the effect of drawing a house only limited by the capacity of the theatre, and standing room was at a premium. Mr. Clarke was not only happy in his performance, but a more delighted audience I have seldom witnessed. Miss Louise Hawthorne as the Widow Swandown, George Howard as Frank Icebrook, Mrs. H. P. Grattan as Mrs. Amelia De Boots in the first play, and F. A. Anderson as George Acorn, and Mrs. Grattan as Mrs. Toodles in the latter, ably supported Mr. Clarke. Repetition of same bill on Thursday evening. On Friday evening, for Mr. Clarke's benefit, on account of the great success there will be a repetition of 'A Widow Hunt,' and 'Toodles,' and Clarke matched Saturday, 'Babes in the Wood.' The comedies of 'Fox and Goose,' 'Among the Breakers,' and the new drama of 'Lost Ashore' are in active rehearsal.....At the Front Street Theatre Comique on Monday, 9th inst., an entire change of programme was introduced, and the following additional attractions, viz.:—The musical prodigy, the infant Speight, only three and a half years old; Miss May Robinson, the protean vocalist, and Mlle. Leah, *premiere danseuse*. The burlesque drama of 'The Flying Dutchman,' the beautiful ballets of 'The Flowers of Delight' and 'L'Elegance;' the negro musical extravaganza of the 'Barber of Old Town,' by J. S. Edwards; the farce of the 'Arrival of O'Donoghue,' character songs and dances (male and female) by Sheridan and Mack, and Messrs. Bowman and Harris; 'Ethiopian pastimes,' by the great Sam Devere, etc., etc., has been the very successful programme presented during the week. The infant prodigy performs upon the violin. 'The Carnival of Venice,' 'Il Baccio,' and familiar operatic airs with wonderful precision and skill, and is *encored* several times on each appearance. On Wednesday afternoon, 11th inst., an extra performance and a reconstructed programme drew an overflowing audience as a benefit for the library of the sabbath school attached to the 'Little Church around the corner,' in New York. Miss Ella Wesner, protean vocalist, has been obliged to cancel her engagement on account of suffering with a severe catarrh and hoarseness. W. H. Quinn, a general performer, and quite a favorite at the Front, has been ill for the past two weeks with erysipelas in his face. We are glad to report, however, that he expects shortly to resume his professional duties. The Misco Brothers appear on Monday, 16th inst."

F. G. WHITE'S DRAMATIC COMPANY commenced a season of six nights in Matoon, Ill., on Jan. 10th.

MLLE ZOE and her dramatic company performed in Mechanicsburg, Pa., on Jan. 11th.

NELSON'S DRAMATIC COMPANY commenced a season in Little Rock, Ark., on Jan. 4th. The opening bill consisted of the "Streets of New York."

KATIE PUTNAM'S DRAMATIC COMPANY commenced a series of six performances in Masonic Hall, Nashville, Tenn., on Jan. 9th. "Sans Souci" was the opening bill.

MARIETTA RAVEL opened at Omaha, Neb., on Monday, Jan. 9th, for six nights, in her new play of "Jartine; or, The Pride of the Fourteenth," in which Miss Ravel sustains five different characters. On the 10th she will appear as "Cynthia;" 13th and 14th, "French Spy," with "Jartine" for Saturday's matinee. It must be gratifying, says a correspondent, to Miss Ravel to see and know that her engagement has been the most profitable of the season.

MR. ALBERY'S COMEDY, entitled "The Coquettes," was produced for the first time in Philadelphia, at the Arch Street Theatre, on the evening of the 9th inst. Of the materials with which they were furnished, the performers certainly made the most, and although some almost interminable dialogues on commonplace subjects were introduced, the excellent style of their delivery greatly atoned for their general dullness. Mrs. John Drew and Miss Mary Saville were respectively lively and interesting in their characters of Mrs. Arthur Minton and Fanny Parkhouse, although the comedy afforded them little scope for the display of their talents. Mr. Barton still was effective as Arthur Minton, and Mr. Robert Craig gave valuable assistance by his admirable portraiture of Mr. Jones. The comedy has some sparkling dialogues, and being illustrated by magnificent scenery, it achieved a moderate success, and was played nightly during the past week, with the exception of Thursday, when "Rosedale" was played for the benefit of a society. "Coquettes" received its last representation on the 14th inst., and makes way for the revival of Boucicault and Byron's drama, entitled "Lost at Sea," which will be produced on the 16th inst. A week of the legitimate drama is promised. "Little Em'ly," so popular here some months ago, will be revived at an early date.

FOX'S NEW AMERICAN THEATRE, Philadelphia, has one of the largest and most complete variety troupes in the country, and very large audiences nightly testify to the popularity of the entertainment provided. The programme last week included, in addition to the regular company, the names of Gus Williams, the comic vocalist; and D. L. Morris, the Dutch comedian, in their respective specialities. The Wilson Brothers, in their gymnastic feats, were greatly applauded for the grace, activity, and freshness of style exhibited in all their movements. Miss Carrie Austins and Charles Austin executed their well-known "Zouave Drill" acts in a neat and finished style. Gus Williams met with a hearty reception, and his comical effusions were nightly applauded. D. L. Morris appeared in the laughable act entitled "The Intelligent Dutchman," and also gave an amusing Dutch stump speech. The laughable farce entitled "Love's Dilemma," gave James W. Wesley an opportunity to show considerable broad comic talent. Charley Howard appeared as a new interlocutor entitled "Fifty Years Ago," and the two popular ballads, "The Captive" and "La Varietie," displayed the admirably trained *ballet corps*. The Wilson Brothers and the Austins concluded their engagements on the 14th, and the following new faces put in an appearance this week:—Jule Keen, the Dutch song and dance man, and G. B. Radcliff, the comedian. Mlle. Venturoli made her re-appearance with the *ballet corps* on the 9th inst., and, along with Mlle. De Rosa, will assume the leading parts in two new *ballets* that the well-known George W. Smith will put on the stage this week, and also as "Les Fies Du Lac" and "The Champagne Ballet." Mlle Tournour will make her first appearance at this theatre on the 23d inst.

SAM LEE and a small company, mostly amateurs, opened at the Seventh Street Opera House, Philadelphia, on the 9th inst. The pieces for the opening night were "Rip Van Winkle" and the "Irish Outlaw," and the programme remained unvaried during the week. Business was rather poor. On the 16th inst. the revival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is announced, and this may help to attract larger audiences.

AT THE WALNUT STREET THEATRE, Philadelphia, the success of Halliday's drama of "The Great City" has rendered it unnecessary to make any alteration in the bills, but the management, having made an engagement with Miss Leona Cavender to appear on the 23d inst., necessitates the withdrawal of "The Great City," with its effective scenery, at the close of the present week. On the evening of the 21st inst. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Walcott will be the recipients of a benefit at this theatre, when the programme will consist of Shakspeare's play of "King John," with Mr. Richard Penistan—a well known citizen of Philadelphia—in the title *role*, and the drama of "Cartouche; or, the Highwayman of Paris." Miss Ella Burns will make her second appearance on this occasion, and the programme offered will alone attract a large audience, irrespective of the well deserved claims of the *beneficiaires*. As above mentioned, Miss Leona Cavender will commence an engagement at this theatre on the 23d inst., appearing in the drama, by John Brougham, entitled "Minnie's Luck; or, the Ups and Downs of City Life." Miss Cavender is a native of Philade phia, but has never appeared professionally in that city.

AT THE CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE, Philadelphia, the Florences concluded their engagement on the 13th inst. On the 9th inst., "At Last," a new sensational play by Mr. J. W. Shannon, was produced, and held the stage for the first three evenings of the week. The plot is rather simple, but having been liberally embellished with sensational incidents, and the piece being well put upon the stage, it achieved an average success. The story is that of a German who thinks he has killed his defaulting partner, as he had in a struggle with him fallen through an open hatchway. The German flies out west, and is supposed to be drowned; the knavish partner also seeks the same quarters, when he is next heard of as a deserter. The wife of the German seeks the stage to obtain her livelihood, and is sought in marriage by her husband's former clerk. The German, hearing what is going on at home, returns in time to prevent his wife's second marriage. Maud, Mrs. W. J. Florence, sustained the principal characters in an admirable manner. On Thursday evening, Doombey and Son" and "The Yankee Housekeeper" formed an attractive programme. The Florences concluded their engagement on the 18th inst., and on Saturday evening, the 14th inst., Miss Phillis Glover made her first appearance in Philadelphia, taking the part of Pauline in the "Lady of Lyons," supported by Mr. Charles R. Thorne, Jr., as Claude, the performances terminating with "Ten Idiot Witnesses." During the present week a series of legitimate dramas and comedies will be presented, including "The Wife," "Hamlet," "Richard III," "Love's Sacrifice," "Wild Oats," "Katherine and Petruchio," and "The Marble Heart."

CINCINNATI THEATRICALS are given by our correspondent, writing on the 13th, as follows:—"This has been quite a gala week in the amusement line, Wood's, the National, Pike's, Mozart and Greenwood Halls having been in full blast, and all doing a paying business. At Wood's Theatre the Chapman Troupe have been succeeded by Maggie Mitchell, who opened in her favorite character of Marie in the 'Pearl of Savoy,' to a fine house. Miss Mitchell's reception was flattering, and she had the satisfaction of very good support in the piece, the Pierot of W. F. Burroughs, Constalot of H. Fosberg, Margaret of Charlotte Crampton, and Choncon of Mrs. Laurens being noticeable. The 'Pearl' was repeated on Tuesday, and on Wednesday and Thursday 'Little Barefoot' was given to fine houses. For to-night (Friday) and to-morrow 'Panchon' is to be the attraction, with Burroughs and Locke as Landry and Didier, Church as Farmer Barbeaud, and Charlotte Crampton as Fadet, being the same cast, save Landry—which was then taken by J. M. Gotthold—as on its presentation last year. Next (this) week Maggie Mitchell is to appear in 'Jane Eyre,' for the first time in this city.....Sargent's Vandeville Company, at the National Theatre, has been doing a fine business this week.....At Pike's Music Hall the Russian Concert Troupe opened to a slim house, but made such a good impression that business increased nightly. They close to-night.....The wizard Macallister, at Mozart, has drawn well owing, perhaps, to his gift show business..... At Greenwood Hall, Fraser's Venetian Glass Blowers have been the attraction.....William Horace Lingard and company open at Mozart Hall for one week, commencing Monday next, 16th."

FROM BOSTON we have the following report of things theatrical, dated Jan. 14th, from our regular correspondent:—"To-night is Mr. Charles Fechter's last appearance as sole manager at the Globe, and many will be glad of it, for he has managed to make himself about as unpopular during his brief stay as he well could. At first he was taken up quite generally by the first families, was invited to dinners, parties, and made quite a lion of. But they soon got tired of that, for his style was anything but pleasing. Then he has changed one of his warmest friends, Mr. Arthur Cheney, into an enemy, and has quarreled with actor after actor, and all because of his arrogance and conceit. His latest little game came to a head on Friday, and it must convince even his warmest admirers that this great artist is one of the meanest and most insignificant of men. After the quarrel between himself and Wallack, Mr. Fechter swore that Wallack should never again set foot upon the Globe stage so long as he, Fechter, continued the manager, and to this resolve he has steadily adhered up to the present moment. But next week a new management begins, and new plays are to be produced, and as Mr. Wallack acts in these new plays, it was necessary that he should rehearse in them. So a rehearsal of 'As You Like It' was called by Mr. Cheney for yesterday. While it was progressing, Mr. Fechter appeared and ordered its immediate stoppage. The prompter appealed to Mr. Cheney, who then sent word to Mr. Fechter that the rehearsal *must* go on, whereat the illustrious 'sole manager' replied that if it did go on—nay, if the rehearsal took place at all during his stage—he would refuse to appear in a single further performance. Of course, nothing further could be said, and the rehearsal was dismissed, and Mr. Fechter was once more 'monarch of all he surveyed.' But such petty jealousy, interfering as it does with Mr. Cheney's further career, shows this Fechter in his true colors, and no one can now doubt who was to blame in the former quarrels. His complimentary benefit tendered by the Boston public takes place to-night. The seats were sold yesterday at auction, and the bidding was pretty lively. For first choice, $76 premium was paid; for second, $14, and the average was about $5, so that as a total, from premiums alone, Mr. Fechter will have the privilege of pocketing quite a large sum of money. The performances this week have been nightly greeted with immense audiences, to whose enthusiasm there seemed to be no bounds. On Monday 'Black and White' was given; on Tuesday, 'Ruy Blas;' on Wednesday, 'Don Cæsar Bazan' in the afternoon, and 'Black and White' in the evening. 'Masks and Faces' was to have been given that evening, with Miss LeClercq as Peg Woffington, but her lameness continued so severe that she was unable to go through so arduous a *role*. On Thursday afternoon an extra *matinee* of 'Black and White' was given, to make up for the omitted performance on Saturday last. In the evening three acts of 'Hamlet' were presented, and as Miss Le Clercq still suffered from her accident, the *role* of Ophelia was taken quite acceptably, considering the circumstances, by Mrs. T. M. Hunter, a member of the company since the opening, but now making her first appearance this season. Last night, Friday, 'Lady of Lyons' was presented for the last time, and Miss LeClercq once more delighted her audience by her remarkable acting as Pauline. Mr. Fechter was dreadfully nervous, and quite missed-say, mangling the text terribly. However, the audience was bound to be pleased, and he and Miss LeClercq were called out at the end of every act, and were greeted with cheers, waving of handkerchiefs and hats, so that the excitement got to be quite childish. This afternoon, 'Black and White;' this evening, Ruy Blas' and a 'Sheep in Wolf's Clothing.' Next week the new management begins, and every one is gratified that Mr. Arthur Cheney takes the reins into his own hands. On Monday, Mrs. Scott-Siddons opens an engagement of one week, appearing in 'Romeo and Juliet,' as Juliet to Wallack's Mercutio and Vandenhoff's Romeo. 'As You Like It,' 'Much Ado About Nothing,' 'Merchant of Venice' and 'King Rene's Daughter' will all be given during the week, and on Monday, 23d inst., Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau will re-appear in 'Dora' to J. W. Wallack's Farmer Allen. Here you see is indeed liberal management, and we are promised a new company to support the star. The present company will be almost the same as heretofore, with some few additions. Geo. H. Griffiths, who returns, is a splendid actor and is a great addition to any company as long as he is true to himself. Frank Roche retires, offering his resignation, because he was cast in the *role* of Bassanio in the 'Merchant of Venice.' Harry Jackson and Jennie Wilmore are spoken of as joining the Globe company, but of this I am not certain. .....While there have been crowded houses at the Globe, Walter Montgomery, at the Boston Theatre, has not by any means been neglected. During this (his last week) the house has been well filled. On Monday he repeated his admirable rendering of Othello, to Neil Warner's Iago, and Mrs. Booth's Desdemona. On Tuesday he gave a very forcible and interesting performance of Sir Clork in the 'Merchant of Venice,' after which Stuart Robson appeared in the 'Spitfire.' On Wednesday 'The Stranger' and the 'Honeymoon' were the attractions, and, in both, Montgomery was excellent, though neither are remarkably adapted to his talent. On Thursday, 'Romeo and Juliet' were given, and Mr. Montgomery rendered the part of Romeo in excellent style, the balcony scene being particularly worthy of praise. Last night, Mr. Montgomery appeared as Lavater, in 'Not a Bad Judge,' and as Sir Edward Mortimer, in the 'Iron Chest.' The former piece is to be repeated this afternoon, followed by Stuart Robson in 'Mr. and Mrs. Peter White.' To-night, 'Richard III' will afford Mr. Montgomery an opportunity to bid farewell to Boston. Next week, the German Opera Troupe opens an engagement here of two weeks, presenting on Monday, 'Tannhauser;' on Tuesday, 'Merry Wives of Windsor;' on Wednesday, 'Faust;' on Thursday, 'Don Giovanni,' on Friday, 'Tannhauser.'.....At the Museum, 'Guy Mannering' is meeting with the most decided success, the placard 'standing room only,' nightly appearing over the box office. Annie Clarke's Meg Merriles is, of course, the feature of the play. Warren's Dominie Sampson is amusing, and everything, except the singing, goes off capitally. The play will be continued until further notice."..... Fechter's last appearance is thus described by a second communication from "Coriolanus," dated January 15th. The curtain has fallen for the last time upon Charles Fechter in this city, and last night the largest audience ever inside of the Globe assembled to bid him farewell. Some time before six o'clock the people began to assemble before the box office to purchase admissions only, for every seat had been long before disposed of. The line of applicants stretched down the hall and some twenty yards up Washington street, and so great was the crowd that it was almost impossible for ticket holders to reach the entrance. There was still a great crowd when the announcement was made that as many tickets had been sold as the theatre would hold, and that the sale must be discontinued. Such a shout of despair then arose, and a great struggle began; but there was an extra force of police on duty, so that order was preserved. After some of the applicants had taken a second look inside, it was decided to sell a few more admissions, and at this the crowd raised a great cheering, which was soon changed to groaning when this second batch was exhausted. Inside the theatre was assembled one of the most fashionable audiences, all arrayed in full dress, opera cloaks, etc., presenting a most charming appearance. On the first entrance of Mr. Fechter he was received very warmly, but the applause was nothing compared with that given Miss Le Clercq, her reception being the most enthusiastic I have ever witnessed. Both were called out at the end of every act, and Miss Leclercq was laden every time with the most exquisite flowers. At the end of the play, Fechter made a short speech:—'Ladies and gentlemen, allow me a few words to express our thanks. This generous reception has indeed filled our hearts and they overflow. We cannot leave this city, which I consider in some way the place of my birth—my home—with a solemn tomb like farewell, and I will simply close with saying, in behalf of us both, the simple French phrase—*Au revoir.*' It was very lucky that Mr. Fechter did not attempt to ventilate his wrongs in this speech, for it was more than half expected that he would, and there were those present determined to raise a row in such a case. But, as it was, everything went off pleasantly, and there was not the least disturbance. The acting of all was excellent, and both the stars played in their best style. As Fechter enters in the second act he descends a stairway. This was poorly fastened, and, as he placed his hands on the railing, it gave way, and threw him to the floor. It strained him severely, but he soon got over it, and played with his usual excellence. In the second play, 'A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing,' all the flowers Miss Le Clercq had received were arranged most tastefully around the stage. Miss Le Clercq, as Annie Carew, acted splendidly and the whole entertainment was pronounced by all present as one of the pleasantest of the season.....At the Boston last night, after the close of 'Richard III,' Walter Montgomery was presented by J. A. Booth, in behalf of the management and company, with an elegant silver goblet, lined with gold, bearing this inscription:—'Walter Montgomery. From his Brother Actors of the Boston Theatre, Jan. 14, 1871, as a slight recognition of his eminent abilities as an artist and his real worth and good fellowship as a man.' Mutual speeches were indulged in and the affair was altogether a most delightful one. During his brief visit to our city Mr. Montgomery has won the hearts of all with whom he came in contact by his gentlemanly behavior and his charming manners, and, judging from the size of his audiences the past week, he will be warmly welcomed whenever he returns .....The Olympic came out with a card this week to the effect that so many requests had been received at the box office for the continuance of the 'Drummer Boy,' that it would be played one week more, as it has been given all this week, and to-night is its third 'positively last performance.' I suppose it will be given next week, though the management say not.....At the Adelphi The Green Monster has been given all the week, with Mattt, Bartholomew, the Kiraify Troupe and other talents taking part. Besides, the following have been new additions to the company:—Lizzie Gordon, Freeman Sisters, Angelique Schott, Signor Lotti, Prof. Sylvester, Matthews and Hunter gymnasts.....At the Howard, Olivia Rand and her burlesque company have appeared in 'Kenilworth,' while Charles Abbott, the clown, has produced a new pantomime, 'Pit-i-Pat.' Adah Richmond, Josie Shelby, Tommy and Willie Daly, etc., have also appeared. Both variety establishments are doing well."

FROM ST. LOUIS, dated Jan. 13th, our correspondent, "Agra," sends us the following dramatic information:—"At De Bar's Opera House Maggie Mitchell closed an engagement of one week on Saturday, the 7th inst., playing 'Little Barefoot' for both *matinee* and evening performances. The attendance was not so good upon this visit as when Miss Mitchell was here before, but, nevertheless, she did a paying business. On Monday, the 9th, J. K. Emmett commenced an engagement in 'Fritz, Our Cousin German,' opening to a crowded house, which has been the order every night up to date. 'Fritz' will, probably, keep the boards three weeks.....At the Olympic, the Satsuma Royal Japanese Troupe commenced on Monday, the 9th, for two weeks, and are doing a fair business. Mr. J. L. Davis, with his performing dogs, is connected with this troupe."

AMY STONE'S "SENSATION" DRAMATIC TROUPE is announced to perform in Allentown, Pa., on Jan. 20th.

MISS KATE FISHER commenced an engagement at the Royal Lyceum, Toronto, Ont., on Jan 9th, appearing in "Mazeppa."

AT THE BRIDGEPORT OPERA HOUSE, Bridgeport, Conn., "Our American Cousin," with J. E. Jackson as Asa Trenchard, J. B. Studley as Abel Murcott, Miss Ida Vernon as Mary Meredith, and Agnes Stanfield as Florence Trenchard, was played on Jan. 9th. On the 10th, the "Streets of New York," with J. B. Studley as Badger, was acted; on the 11th, "East Lynne;" the 12th, the "Octaroon;" the 13th, "Leah the Forsaken;" and the 14th, "Richard III, with J. B. Studley as Richard, were performed.

MCKEAN BUCHANAN and his dramatic company played in Richmond, Va., the past week and are announced to commence a season of six nights at the Opera House, Norfolk, Va., on Jan. 16th.

THE SAPPHO COMIC OPERA TROUPE appeared at the theatre in Savannah, Ga., on Jan. 12th, 13th and 14th.

MRS. OATES' BURLESQUE TROUPE is announced to appear in Savannah, Ga., for a short season, commencing Jan. 24th.

LITTLE VIC DONALDSON, G. A. Hough and Jennie Smith were the attraction at the Academy of Music, Indianapolis, Ind., during the past week. On the 16th Mona, and Madame Sanyeh are announced to commence an engagement.

THE FOX AND DENIER PANTOMIME TROUPE commence a season of three nights in Corry, Pa., on Jan. 16th, thence to Titusville.

CONCERNING THE OPENING OF A NEW OPERA HOUSE in Corienne, Utah, and the performance thereat, an occasional correspondent, "Rustic," sends the following, dated Jan. 10th:—"This new Gentile city in the heart of Mormondom has a splendid Opera House, elegantly fitted and furnished, which is the property of a joint stock company, and has seating capacity for twelve hundred persons. On the 2d inst. it was opened for a short season by the Langrishe Dramatic Troupe, in connection with Mr. and Miss Couldock. The 'Willow Copse' was the initial performance, followed by 'The Chimney Corner,' 'Dot,' 'Dora,' 'The Stranger,' and last night closing with 'Richelieu.' Elegant comedies and farces were played during the week, as afterpieces. The Couldocks are as popular in the Rocky Mountains as they are within the confines of civilization, and no one can need a better company than Langrishe's, with that versatile actor at its head. The Corinne Opera House has the finest auditorium, stage and proscenium of any edifice between Chicago and Sacramento, and the people of this city, being mostly from the large cities of the country, are ever ready to give bountiful welcome to first class performances. During the last nine days the treasurer's receipts have been more than satisfactory to the management."

"SHERRY'S NEW YORK THEATRE" commenced an engagement of six nights at Harrisburg, Pa., on Jan. 12th, producing "Rip Van Winkle." On Friday evening "The Lancers" and "Solon Shingle" were produced, and on Saturday "Dora" and "Black Eyed Susan." On Monday "East Lynne" will be played, to be followed on Tuesday by "Mary Warner; or, a Wife's Trials." The first three nights of the hall was filled to competition, standing room only to be had after 8 o'clock. The receipts on Thursday evening, I learn, were $387, on Friday $310, and on Saturday $402. So writes our correspondent "S." on Jan. 15th.

MARIAN TAYLOR, burlesque actress, comedienne and *prima donna* of *opera bouffe*, advertises that she is prepared to accept engagements.

Musical.

A BAND styled the American Brass and String Band, of Chicago, can be engaged to travel. Address Leader A. B., as per advertisement.

MISS ADELAIDE PHILLIPS is announced to give three concerts in New Orleans, La., on the evenings of Jan. 16th, 17th and 18th, with a grand *matinee* on the 18th. She will be assisted by Mr. J. Levy, cornet player; Mr. Jules D. Hasler, baritone, and Mr. Edward Hoffman, pianist. As there have not been any first class concerts in New Orleans this season, it is expected that Miss Phillips' will prove very successful.

OUR NEW ORLEANS, LA., correspondent writes us that during the week ending Sunday, the 8th inst., five operas were produced in that city at the new Opera House, viz., Verdi's "Trovatore," Paer's "Maitre de Chapelle," Adams' "Bijou," "Victor et Hortense," and Auber's "Muette de Portici," all being old but not the less pleasing to the music-loving community of that city. "Trovatore," on the 2d, was somewhat marred by the evident indisposition of Mme. von Edelsberg as Azucena. The comic operas, "Maitre de Chapelle" and "Le Chalet," were, however, charmingly sung on the 3d inst. by Mme. Dumestre and Messrs. De Keghel, Thery and Perée, as they also were at the *matinee* on Saturday, the 7th inst. On was dreadfully nervous, and quite missed-say, mangling the text terribly. However, the audience was bound to be pleased, and he and Miss LeClercq were called out at the end of every act, and were greeted with cheers, waving of handkerchiefs and hats, so that the excitement got to be quite childish. This afternoon, 'Black and White;' this evening, Ruy Blas' and a 'Sheep in Wolf's Clothing.' Next week the new management begins, and every one is gratified that Mr. Arthur Cheney takes the reins into his own hands. On Monday, Mrs. Scott-Siddons opens an engagement of one week, appearing in 'Romeo and Juliet,' as Juliet to Wallack's Mercutio and Vandenhoff's Romeo. 'As You Like It,' 'Much Ado About Nothing,' 'Merchant of Venice' and 'King Rene's Daughter' will all be given during the week, and on Monday, 23d inst., Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau will re-appear in 'Dora' to J. W. Wallack's Farmer Allen. Here you see is indeed liberal management, and we are promised a new company to support the star. The present company will be almost the same as heretofore, with some few additions. Geo. H. Griffiths, who returns, is a splendid actor and is a great addition to any company as long as he is true to himself. Frank Roche retires, offering his resignation, because he was cast in the *role* of Bassanio in the 'Merchant of Venice.' Harry Jackson and Jennie Wilmore are spoken of as joining the Globe company, but of this I am not certain. .....While there have been crowded houses at the Globe, Walter Montgomery, at the Boston Theatre, has not by any means been neglected. During this (his last week) the house has been well filled. On Monday he repeated his admirable rendering of Othello, to Neil Warner's Iago, and Mrs. Booth's Desdemona. On Tuesday he gave a very forcible and interesting performance of Sir Clork in the 'Merchant of Venice,' after which Stuart Robson appeared in the 'Spitfire.' On Wednesday 'The Stranger' and the 'Honeymoon' were the attractions, and, in both, Montgomery was excellent, though neither are remarkably adapted to his talent. On Thursday, 'Romeo and Juliet' were given, and Mr. Montgomery rendered the part of Romeo in excellent style, the balcony scene being particularly worthy of praise. Last night, Mr. Montgomery appeared as Lavater, in 'Not a Bad Judge,' and as Sir Edward Mortimer, in the 'Iron Chest.' The former piece is to be repeated this afternoon, followed by Stuart Robson in 'Mr. and Mrs. Peter White.' To-night, 'Richard III' will afford Mr. Montgomery an opportunity to bid farewell to Boston. Next week, the German Opera Troupe opens an engagement here of two weeks, presenting on Monday, 'Tannhauser;' on Tuesday, 'Merry Wives of Windsor;' on Wednesday, 'Faust;' on Thursday, 'Don Giovanni,' on Friday, 'Tannhauser.'.....At the Museum, 'Guy Mannering' is meeting with the most decided success, the placard 'standing room only,' nightly appearing over the box office. Annie Clarke's Meg Merriles is, of course, the feature of the play. Warren's Dominie Sampson is amusing, and everything, except the singing, goes off capitally. The play will be continued until further notice."..... Fechter's last appearance is thus described by a second communication from "Coriolanus," dated January 15th. The curtain has fallen for the last time upon Charles Fechter in this city, and last night the largest audience ever inside of the Globe assembled to bid him farewell. Some time before six o'clock the people began to assemble before the box office to purchase admissions only, for every seat had been long before disposed of. The line of applicants stretched down the hall and some twenty yards up Washington street, and so great was the crowd that it was almost impossible for ticket holders to reach the entrance. There was still a great crowd when the announcement was made that as many tickets had been sold as the theatre would hold, and that the sale must be discontinued. Such a shout of despair then arose, and a great struggle began; but there was an extra force of police on duty, so that order was preserved. After some of the applicants had taken a second look inside, it was decided to sell a few more admissions, and at this the crowd raised a great cheering, which was soon changed to groaning when this second batch was exhausted. Inside the theatre was assembled one of the most fashionable audiences, all arrayed in full dress, opera cloaks, etc., presenting a most charming appearance. On the first entrance of Mr. Fechter he was received very warmly, but the applause was nothing compared with that given Miss Le Clercq, her reception being the most enthusiastic I have ever witnessed. Both were called out at the end of every act, and Miss Leclercq was laden every time with the most exquisite flowers. At the end of the play, Fechter made a short speech:—'Ladies and gentlemen, allow me a few words to express our thanks. This generous reception has indeed filled our hearts and they overflow. We cannot leave this city, which I consider in some way the place of my birth—my home—with a solemn tomb like farewell, and I will simply close with saying, in behalf of us both, the simple French phrase—*Au revoir.*' It was very lucky that Mr. Fechter did not attempt to ventilate his wrongs in this speech, for it was more than half expected that he would, and there were those present determined to raise a row in such a case. But, as it was, everything went off pleasantly, and there was not the least disturbance. The acting of all was excellent, and both the stars played in their best style. As Fechter enters in the second act he descends a stairway. This was poorly fastened, and, as he placed his hands on the railing, it gave way, and threw him to the floor. It strained him severely, but he soon got over it, and played with his usual excellence. In the second play, 'A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing,' all the flowers Miss Le Clercq had received were arranged most tastefully around the stage. Miss Le Clercq, as Annie Carew, acted splendidly and the whole entertainment was pronounced by all present as one of the pleasantest of the season.....At the Boston last night, after the close of 'Richard III,' Walter Montgomery was presented by J. A. Booth, in behalf of the management and company, with an elegant silver goblet, lined with gold, bearing this inscription:—'Walter Montgomery. From his Brother Actors of the Boston Theatre, Jan. 14, 1871, as a slight recognition of his eminent abilities as an artist and his real worth and good fellowship as a man.' Mutual speeches were indulged in and the affair was altogether a most delightful one. During his brief visit to our city Mr. Montgomery has won the hearts of all with whom he came in contact by his gentlemanly behavior and his charming manners, and, judging from the size of his audiences the past week, he will be warmly welcomed whenever he returns .....The Olympic came out with a card this week to the effect that so many requests had been received at the box office for the continuance of the 'Drummer Boy,' that it would be played one week more, as it has been given all this week, and to-night is its third 'positively last performance.' I suppose it will be given next week, though the management say not.....At the Adelphi The Green Monster has been given all the week, with Mattt, Bartholomew, the Kiraify Troupe and other talents taking part. Besides, the following have been new additions to the company:—Lizzie Gordon, Freeman Sisters, Angelique Schott, Signor Lotti, Prof. Sylvester, Matthews and Hunter gymnasts.....At the Howard, Olivia Rand and her burlesque company have appeared in 'Kenilworth,' while Charles Abbott, the clown, has produced a new pantomime, 'Pit-i-Pat.' Adah Richmond, Josie Shelby, Tommy and Willie Daly, etc., have also appeared. Both variety establishments are doing well."

FROM ST. LOUIS, dated Jan. 13th, our correspondent, "Agra," sends us the following dramatic information:—"At De Bar's Opera House Maggie Mitchell closed an engagement of one week on Saturday, the 7th inst., playing 'Little Barefoot' for both *matinee* and evening performances. The attendance was not so good upon this visit as when Miss Mitchell was here before, but, nevertheless, she did a paying business. On Monday, the 9th, J. K. Emmett commenced an engagement in 'Fritz, Our Cousin German,' opening to a crowded house, which has been the order every night up to date. 'Fritz' will, probably, keep the boards three weeks.....At the Olympic, the Satsuma Royal Japanese Troupe commenced on Monday, the 9th, for two weeks, and are doing a fair business. Mr. J. L. Davis, with his performing dogs, is connected with this troupe."

AMY STONE'S "SENSATION" DRAMATIC TROUPE is announced to perform in Allentown, Pa., on Jan. 20th.

MISS KATE FISHER commenced an engagement at the Royal Lyceum, Toronto, Ont., on Jan 9th, appearing in "Mazeppa."

AT THE BRIDGEPORT OPERA HOUSE, Bridgeport, Conn., "Our American Cousin," with J. E. Jackson as Asa Trenchard, J. B. Studley as Abel Murcott, Miss Ida Vernon as Mary Meredith, and Agnes Stanfield as Florence Trenchard, was played on Jan. 9th. On the 10th, the "Streets of New York," with J. B. Studley as Badger, was acted; on the 11th, "East Lynne;" the 12th, the "Octaroon;" the 13th, "Leah the Forsaken;" and the 14th, "Richard III, with J. B. Studley as Richard, were performed.

MCKEAN BUCHANAN and his dramatic company played in Richmond, Va., the past week and are announced to commence a season of six nights at the Opera House, Norfolk, Va., on Jan. 16th.

THE SAPPHO COMIC OPERA TROUPE appeared at the theatre in Savannah, Ga., on Jan. 12th, 13th and 14th.

MRS. OATES' BURLESQUE TROUPE is announced to appear in Savannah, Ga., for a short season, commencing Jan. 24th.

LITTLE VIC DONALDSON, G. A. Hough and Jennie Smith were the attraction at the Academy of Music, Indianapolis, Ind., during the past week. On the 16th Mona, and Madame Sanyeh are announced to commence an engagement.

THE FOX AND DENIER PANTOMIME TROUPE commence a season of three nights in Corry, Pa., on Jan. 16th, thence to Titusville.

FROM CINCINNATI we have the following variety advices from our correspondent, writing on the 13th:—"The New Globe Theatre has been rather an uncertain thing to write of. It was to have opened last Saturday night, but could not possibly be got ready. Wednesday was then fixed, but on that day a dispute arose between the proprietors which resulted in D. W. Dratt withdrawing and joining Mr. Davis in the Race Street Theatre. In consequence of this a number of the company engaged themselves at the National; the rest went with Dratt and opened last night (Thursday), at the Race Street Theatre, most of the old company at this latter being discharged. After one night's performance, however, Messrs. Dratt and Davis dissolved connection, and this morning Mr. Dratt returned with his company to his original mutton, the Globe. Work on the latter is being rapidly pushed to completion, and it will 'positively' open to-morrow (Saturday) evening. It is a very pretty little theatre and is being well stocked with scenery. The stage is about thirty feet in width, and the auditorium is, perhaps, sixty by seventy-five feet. The roof is high, and a gallery will, probably, be erected, though there is none as yet. It is hard to tell exactly what company will open it, but it will be likely to embrace several besides those now under the banner of Thomas Williams, middle biz. and stage manager; Charley Kinric, Dutch comedian; Gus. Lee and Frank Wilson, comedians; Mons. and Mad. Vantini, *trapeze*; Davenport Brothers, gymnasts; Sallie Swift, club performer; Zella Renard, Mattie Blanca, Amy De Brent and Belle Miller, vocalists, and Annie Florence, jigrist.....The venture of turning the National Theatre into a first class olio hall can no longer be considered an experiment, the audiences this week having not only been large in point of numbers, but composed of the best class of citizens and ladies. The company was not changed much, the Barlow Brothers being the only ones to leave. Cool Burgess opened on Wednesday night and made a brilliant hit. The programme consisted of an acrobatic act entitled the 'Two Comiques,' by Shappee and Whitney, followed by Ed. Ban

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